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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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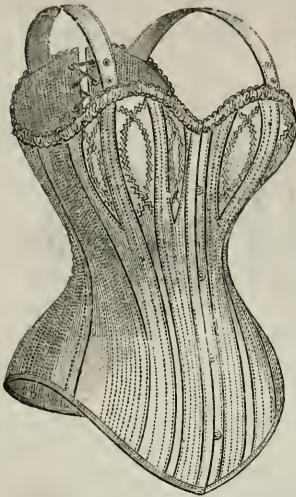
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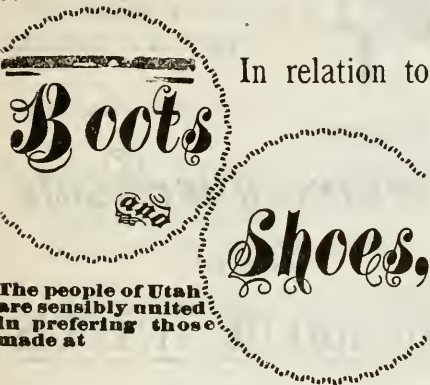
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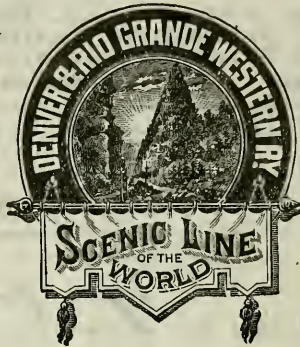
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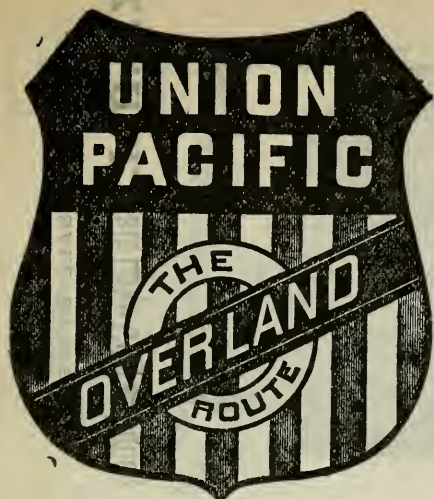
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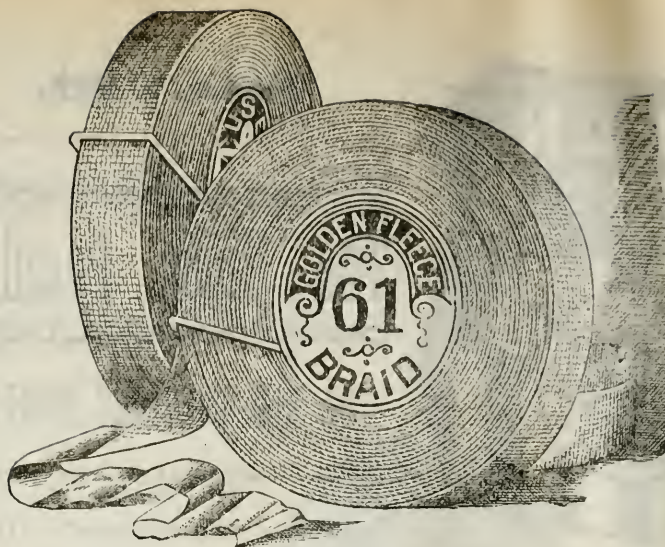
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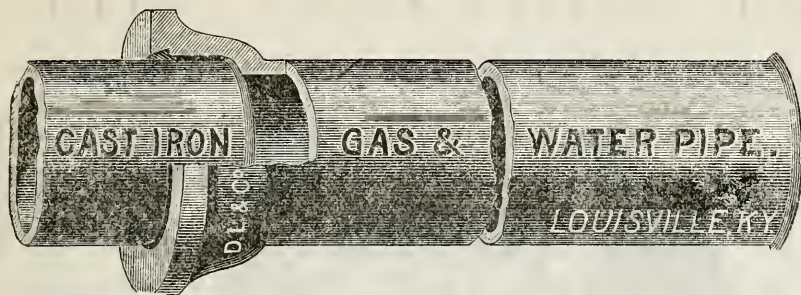
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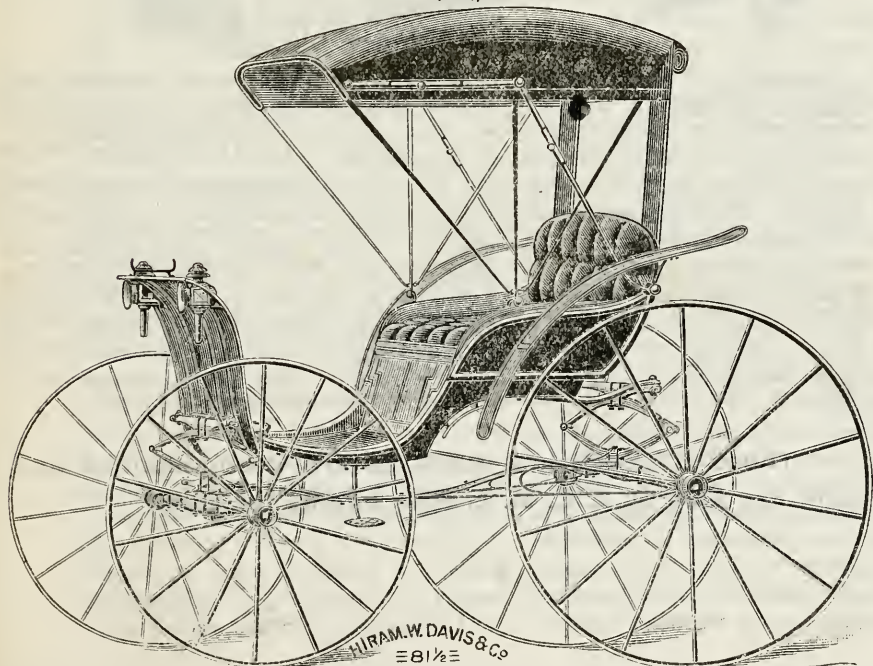
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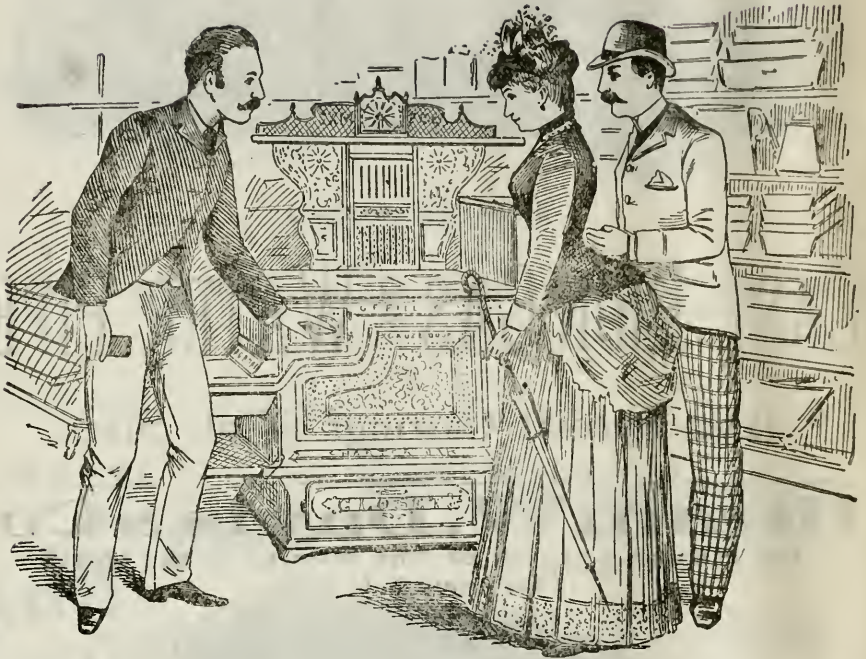
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SALESMAN—Yes, this is the stove you inquired for. As you say, it does not look exactly like the one your mother recommended you to buy, and which she thinks so much of, but it is a **Charter Oak Range**. We have the Cook Stoves of the same make but the Ranges are used more generally now, as they are more convenient. How long has your mother had her stove?

YOUNG MARRIED LADY—Oh! ever so long. She bought it when I was a baby, and has been using it ever since and she told me I must get the same kind.

SALESMAN—Well, this is the same kind. That is, it is a Charter Oak, but you must remember that twenty years is a long time, and improvements have been made since your mother got hers. This Range has the wonderful **Wire Gause Oven Door**, which you have probably heard of, as it is known and sold everywhere in connection with our Stoves and Ranges.

YOUNG MARRIED LADY—Oh! I remember now. She spoke about that, but I can't understand why that should make it so much better than our old stove, as that was as good as it could be.

SALESMAN—There is no doubt about its being much better; it is a wonderful improvement. It bakes everything so much nicer and the meats are not dried up like they are in the old fashioned tight ovens. Why, a steak can be broiled in that oven as perfectly as over a charcoal fire, and the natural juices of the meat, which make it so appetizing, will all be retained. It is just the same with roast meats. Of course it is needless for me to speak of its other good qualities, as your mother's advice has made that unnecessary.

YOUNG MARRIED LADY—Well, of course, I will take it. Please have it put up as soon as you can, as we have no stove yet. We are just commencing housekeeping, you know.

These **STOVES** and **RANGES** are Recommended and kept For Sale by **Z. C. M. I.**, Sole Agents for Utah.

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

NO. 11.

## DISORGANIZATION OF SOUL AND BODY.

BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

IF YOU adhere to the spirit of the Lord strictly it will become in you a fountain of revelation. After awhile the Lord will say to such, "My son, you have been faithful, you have clung to good, and you love righteousness, and hate iniquity, from which you have turned away, now you shall have the blessing of the Holy Spirit to lead you, and be your constant companion from this time henceforth and forever." Then the Holy Spirit becomes your property, it is given to you for a profit and an eternal blessing. It tends to addition, extension and increase, to immortality and eternal lives. If you suffer the opposite of this to take possession of your tabernacles, it will hurt you, and all that is associated with you, and blast, and strike with mildew, until your tabernacle, which was created to continue throughout an endless duration, will be decomposed, and go back to its native elements, to be ground over again like the refractory clay that has spoiled in the hands of the potter, it must be worked over again until it shall become passive and yield to the potter's wish. One power is to add, to build up, and increase; the other to destroy and diminish; one is life, the other is death. We might ask, when shall we cease to learn? I will give you my opinion about it; never, never. If we continue to learn all that we can, pertaining to the salvation which is purchased and presented to us through the Son of God, is there a time when a person will cease to learn? Yes; when he has sinned against God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy

Ghost—God's minister, when he has denied the Lord, defied Him and committed the sin that in the Bible is termed the unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost. That is the time when a person will cease to learn, and from that time forth, will descend in ignorance, forgetting that which he formerly knew, and decreasing until he returns to the native element, whether it be in one thousand or in one million years, or during as many eternities as you can count. Such will cease to increase, but must decrease until they return to the native element. These are the only characters who will ever cease to learn, both in time and in eternity. We shall never cease to learn unless we apostatize from the religion of Jesus Christ. Then we shall cease to increase, and will continue to decrease and decompose, until we return to our native element. Mankind are organized of element designed to endure to all eternity; it never had a beginning and never can have an end. There never was a time when this matter, of which you and I are composed, was not in existence, and there never can be a time when it will pass out of existence; it cannot be annihilated. It is brought together, organized, and capacitated to receive knowledge and intelligence, to be enthroned, to be made angels, Gods—beings who will hold control over the elements, and have power by their word to command the creation and redemption of worlds, or to extinguish suns by their breath, and disorganize worlds, hurling them back into their chaotic state.

The thought of being annihilated, of

being blotted out of existence, is most horrid even to that class called infidels. The intelligence that is in me to cease to exist, is a horrid thought! This intelligence must exist; it must dwell somewhere. If I take the right course and preserve it in its organization, I will preserve to myself eternal life. This is the greatest gift that ever was bestowed on mankind, to know how to preserve their identity. Shall we forge our own fetters through our ignorance? Shall we lay the foundation to build the bulwarks for our own destruction through our wickedness? I trust that we are laying the foundation to endure eternally. If we do, we must be the friends of God—the friends of the principles of life and salvation; and we must adhere to those principles, and shape our lives according to them, or else we lay the foundation for our own destruction. Talk about liberty anywhere else! What liberty is there in anything that will be dissolved and return to its native element? What liberty can any intelligence enjoy that is calculated to be destroyed? There is no liberty, no freedom there. The principles of life and salvation are the only principles of freedom; for every principle that is opposed to God—that is opposed to the principles of eternal life, whether it is in heaven, on earth or in hell—the time will be when it will cease to exist, cease to preserve, manifest and exhibit its identity; for it will be returned to its native element.

If the Lord sees that we need to be afflicted, he can apply the rod. I do not say this to urge you to do your duty, for if you will not live your religion for the blessings that God bestows upon it, you will not live it anyhow; and the man who will not live his religion ought to be damned. Never serve God because you are afraid of hell; but live your religion because it is calculated to give you eternal life. It points to that existence that never ends, while the other course leads to destruction, to dissolution, when they will be destroyed from the earth and from the eternities, and return back to the native elements. We will maintain

the kingdom of God living; and if we do not maintain it, we shall be found dying not only a temporal, but also an eternal death. Then take a course to live.

We place the principles of life before you. Do as you please and we will protect you in your rights, though you will learn that the system you have chosen to follow brings you to dissolution—to being resolved to native element. To see people running after this and that which is calculated to destroy them spiritually and temporally—to bring upon them the first death, and then the second, so that they will be as though they had not been—is enough to make the heavens weep.

If any of you have Gods in horses or oxen, make an offering of them forthwith.

Teach your children from their youth, never to set their hearts immoderately upon an object of this world.

I care but little about your language, hand out the ideas, and let us know what you have stored in your minds.

If no person but yourself has seen your faults, you are blessed. You may then get rid of them, without their being made manifest to others.

Sin consists in doing wrong when we know and can do better, and it will be punished with a great retribution in the due time of the Lord.

When this community comes to the point to be perfectly honest and upright, you will never find a poor person; none will lack; all will have sufficient.

As an American, shame and confusion would overwhelm me were I even to think of trying to sustain my family by siding with tyranny and oppression.

All eternity is before you; and everything you can ask for will be given to you in due time, for the heavens and the earth are the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.

Our affections are often too highly placed upon paltry, perishable objects. We love houses, gold, silver and various

kinds of property, and all who unduly prize any object beneath the celestial world are idolators.

I do not expect to see the day when I am perfectly independent, until I am crowned in the celestial kingdom of my Father, and made as independent as my Father. I have not yet received my inheritance as my own, and I expect to be dependent until I do, for all that I have is lent to me.

The blessings of the Lord are great upon this people. They are increasing in flocks and herds and are gathering around them property in abundance on the right hand and on the left. Let them be careful that they do not place their affections upon the things of this world, and forget the Lord their God.

ETERNAL LIFE.—You hear a great many people talk about a virtuous life. If you could know what an honorable, manly, upright, virtuous life is, you might reduce it to this—learn the will of the Lord and do it; for He has the keys of life and death, and his mandates should be obeyed, and that is eternal life.

If the brethren who profess to be Saints and do wrong, would reveal the root of the matter and tell the whole truth, it would be, "I have a desire to do a great deal of good, but the devil is always at my elbow, and I always like to keep the old gentlemen where I can put my hand on him, for I want to use him sometimes." That is the reason why men and women are overcome with evil.

Do not oppose when you cannot improve. If you are not capable of dictating your brethren, do not say that you will dictate them until you have found out a better path than the one in which they are walking. Before you oppose your bishop as a man unworthy of your best feelings, first point out a better path to him; and then you shall have the right of going to the higher authorities to show that you know more than your bishop.

People often wish they had the power

of God upon them. This is a good wish, and the power of God is a power that would aid men to accomplish much more than they do now, if they possessed along with it a liberal supply of sound information and good sense. The power of God and true knowledge are component parts of true godliness. \* \* We may rejoice greatly in the possession of the spirit of truth and in the power of God, which elevates the soul in the contemplation of heavenly things, but it does not teach men how to raise corn.

Time and time again I have requested the High Priests and Seventies to dis-fellowship such members of their several quorums as will break the Sabbath and take the name of God in vain. I say, sever them from the tree, for these loose and wicked characters hurt the tree. They are like dried limbs, and have become so decayed that the moisture leaks through them, and seeks its way into the heart of the tree, and, bye and bye, if we do not cut away such branches, the tree itself will die. You may try to make dead limbs grow on the tree, but such a practice is a detriment to the bearing of good fruit.

If you can bring yourselves, in your affections, your feelings, your passions, your desires and all that you have in your organization, to submit to the hand of the Lord, to His providences, and acknowledge His hand in all things, and always be willing that he should dictate, though it should take your houses, your property, your wives and children, your parents, your lives, or anything else you have upon earth, then you will be exactly right; and until you come to that point you cannot be entirely right. That is what we have to come to; we have to learn to submit ourselves to the Lord with all our hearts, with all our affections, wishes, desires, passions, and let Him reign and rule over us and within us, the God of every nation.

PRAYER.—I will venture to say that you will scarcely find an individual in the whole congregation that can tell what the person who prays has prayed

for? When a man opens or closes a meeting with prayer, every man, woman, and child in the congregation, who professes to be a Saint, should have no desire or words in their hearts or mouths but what are being offered by the man who is mouth for all the congregation. \* \* \* That would lead the people to act with one heart and mind in all their acts through life, and promote the kingdom of God. \* \* \* Many do not know what to pray for. They

need some one to dictate them. Will the Lord come and personally dictate for them? You know that He will not. Will He send His holy angels to talk with you? You could not endure their presence; you are in a sinful world. What do you need? That invisible agency called the spirit to dictate your minds.

---

A little in peace is better than much in war.—*Bartholomew.*

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## FRONTIER LIFE IN UTAH.

A NARRATION of the following incidents which occurred in the early history of Iron County, strikingly shows the necessity there was in those days for a state of constant watchfulness and readiness for defense. This was especially the case whenever settlements, weak in numbers, were founded far from all hope of outside help, as in the case of those in Iron and Sanpete counties. Such a school of experience has no superior in training men in hardihood, self-reliance, energy and perseverance, and in an actual living faith in the God of our fathers, to whom alone, many times, the early settlers could look for aid in time of danger; and to settle such a country as Utah was in 1847, and for many years after, the qualities above mentioned were absolutely necessary.

I believe it is alleged by a certain brilliant legal luminary in Salt Lake City, that he, some years before the Mormons settled Utah, had ridden through waving meadows of grass so tall that the dew upon it wetted his moccasins! If the gentleman would only explain to the world how the country could in so short a time change from a waving meadow to the dreary desert which the Mormons found in 1847, he would merit the applause of the scientific world. The pioneers of 1847 found a dreary, parched waste, from which mountaineers and trappers defied them to produce a single ear of corn. This is well known not only to Mormons, but to thousands of

emigrants who passed through Utah annually on their way to California. The only resource for the unfortunate pioneers, who could not find anywhere those delightful meadows, was to make costly canals and convey life-giving water upon the thirsty soil, after clearing away the stunted sage and greasewood.

One Sunday morning word came to Fort Parowan, by some men who had been hunting cattle on the range, that Indians had stolen a large number of cattle from Buckhorn Springs, about fourteen miles distant. In about twenty minutes a party of fifteen men were speeding to the springs hoping to get on the track and overtake them before they could flee into the mountains with their booty. The men were armed only with old fashioned rifles, there being then no revolvers and but few old style pistols in that country. All were good trailers, and they soon found the place where the cattle had been rounded up, but a careful search failed to disclose a single track of moccasin, horse, or steer leading away from it. This was the more remarkable as both pony and moccasin tracks were plentiful among those of the cattle. Here was a mystery. Cattle had been rounded up and some stolen—and by Indians—that was plain enough; but how did they get away with them and leave no sign? The whole country was so sandy that you could track rabbits for miles by their light foot-prints.

How then could men with horses and cattle get away and leave no tracks? A further careful search around the trampled area of the round-up proved positively that no such tracks led from it. After considerable time spent in this fruitless search, a more systematic mode was adopted. The whole party formed in line, each man a few steps from his neighbor, and thus rode round and round the trampled area, gradually widening their circle until at last it was nearly a mile in diameter, thus carefully scanning every foot of ground, but finding nowhere a single pony track leading outward. Suddenly a cry "Here 'tis! here's their trail!" brought all to the spot. Sure enough, there came suddenly and plainly in view cattle and pony tracks heading towards an adjacent cañon, and by riding still farther around, other trails were found, leading to other cañons. Near by lay the key to the puzzle—a steer's hoof and ankle. At once everything was plain. Each Indian carried with him an ox hoof, and while some on horseback drove the cattle others followed on foot and carefully placed the hoof upon their own tracks just made, effacing them entirely. It was a clever ruse on the part of the Indians. They wished to gain time. They knew no one would try to follow them until their trail was discovered; they knew it could only be found in the mode we adopted; each hour so gained placed them ten or twelve miles still further in advance. Their scattering in four or five directions completed their success, as the whites could not safely divide to follow. Thus it was, that late at night the party returned to the fort tired, hungry and crestfallen; but full of admiration for the Indians' stratagem. Long afterwards, the Pah Eeds described their ruse as the writer has done, adding the assurance that had the whites separated to follow them up the cañons, they would easily have killed them from ambush,—one Indian driving the stock the others remaining behind, concealed among rocks and cedars.

In the fall of 1852, Walker, the great Ute chieftain—the "King of the Moun-

tains," as he was styled, arrived at Parowan with about four hundred warriors and their families. In the insolence born of his superior military strength, Walker turned all his horses—several hundred in number—into the field, which was full of grain, some uncut and some standing in the shock. The authorities sent him word to take them out. He said he would not, the land was his, and he would put his horses where he pleased. Word was again sent him, that even if the land were his, the grain was not, and if he did not take them out they would be turned out by force. To this Walker answered that if this were done he would kill every man, woman and child in the place. Walker himself could not talk English, but his brother Ammon could, almost as well as any white man, and he interpreted. The situation became very grave. He had four hundred well armed men; the settlers were only about a hundred men in all, poorly armed—many having traded their guns to the Indians—and others totally unused to firearms. They were more than two hundred miles from help, even were it possible for a messenger to go for assistance. And even in this case, no help could arrive until too late. It was plain we must fight it out ourselves. If they were allowed to trample upon the settlement once, they would again. Better have it decided once for all. So a strong force was sent and the animals turned out. The Indians were greatly enraged, and their camp became a pandemonium, as their shrieks and yells in the war dance pierced the air. Inside the fort a busy preparation for defense was going on. All outside doors and windows were barricaded with tables, boxes, beds—anything and everything that would stop a bullet. Every weak place in the fort was strengthened, and a strong guard placed. The women, always true as steel in the hour of danger, were as busy as the men, and occupied themselves hunting up powder and lead, moulding bullets for their husbands, and helping in other ways, calm and serene. The writer's wife, then scarcely sixteen,

spent most of the night in making bullets. But though calm, all knew their danger, and realized their fearful fate, should any of them fall into the hands of the Indians alive. As parents looked upon their children many a fervent prayer was uttered in secret that God would protect them. All night long the yells of the Indians resounded in the savage scalp and war dances; while in the fort all waited in expectation of an attack, until the next morning. Then a welcome and unexpected sight gladdened the eyes of the settlers! The Indians were preparing to leave! They had failed to frighten the settlers into subjection; they saw the fort well nigh impregnable to any direct attack they could make, and defended by men who had all at stake. They wisely retreated, calling out as they went that in a few sleeps they would return reinforced and leave

not a soul alive. But this lesson to Walker and the Indians was a good one. He admired the whites for their bravery and resolution, and began to think their friendship worth something. He never again turned his horses into their fields. But the saints could see the hand of the Lord in all this. Had the Indians attacked them, they would have been at the red man's mercy. A direct attack might be repulsed, but no one could venture outside the fort; their cattle would all have been taken, their crops destroyed, and soon famine would have stared them in the face—an enemy even more relentless than the Indians. The God of our fathers discouraged and turned away the enemy in this instance as in many others in the history of the saints. He was and is their friend, and their only one.

*Santiago.*

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## MORALITY AND RELIGION.

HAVING noticed some psychological facts relative to man's moral nature, I purpose now to examine some theological facts relative to his religious or spiritual nature, and the means of its development, and the harmony that exists between them, by which man is not only the child of nature but of nature's God. A knowledge of God, of His character and government, of His true relation to humanity, and the true relation of humanity to Him, are the objects to be sought after. How to obtain that knowledge is the grand lesson of life. Having found that there are means adapted to the development of man's moral nature, we may reasonably conclude there are means as perfectly adapted to the development of his spiritual nature—indeed more so, if possible, as it is of the highest order—the divinity of his being.

The human mind, of itself, cannot attain to the knowledge of the divine. We know what our sources of knowledge are. The first is perception, which only acquaints us with the external world

of matter. Consciousness only makes known to us the operations of our own minds; by it there is only knowledge of ourselves to be obtained, nothing more; how then shall we attain to a knowledge of the divine mind? There is left but one other source to which we can look for this divine lore, and that is belief; it must rest upon this ground and this alone, since it cannot be obtained from other sources of our knowledge.

Now the question arises, does this belief in divine things rest on evidence or revelation? It must come from one of these sources. Matter and mind have connection with the spirit world, so that in seeing or knowing the one we necessarily know the other. The existence of a God and a spirit world is a subject for revelation and not for demonstration; the human mind is incapable of discovering from things that are known, the things that are not known. Divine knowledge is the communication of God, not the discovery of man.

If, then, humanity cannot attain to the divine by its own exertions, we must



believe in revelation or remain atheists; and if compelled to believe in a revelation, the Christian revelation is the only one that is Godlike and worthy of belief, or that represents a being altogether worthy of our worship and adoration as intelligent beings.

We may now ask what relation there is between morality, which is so necessary to our happiness, and religion? Is a religious life a moral life, and does it as necessarily bring happiness to man?

Christianity reveals the existence of a God; morality is compelled to assume the same fact. Christianity reveals this God as the moral governor of the universe; morality is compelled to assume the same. Christianity declares that God will punish his creatures for wrongdoing; morality, including the idea of obligation, is compelled to admit the same fact. Christianity declares sin to consist in the doing of what one knows to be wrong; and human consciousness confirms its truth. Christianity declares that suffering is a necessary consequence of sin; and human consciousness responds to its truth with a fearful amen. Christianity declares that the soul, as long as it continues to sin, shall ever suffer; human consciousness speaks forth the same doctrine. Christianity reveals the true laws of God and the soul; and human consciousness declares its need of such knowledge. Christianity teaches that all are sinners; human consciousness declares the same truth. Thus far Christianity deals with a government of laws, and teaches the consequences of disobedience to it. In all these matters it goes not a whit beyond the assumptions indispensable to a system of morality, which shall include the ideas of obligation and duty. These teachings of Christianity are evidently the true theory of the world; man is driven to choose between blank atheism, and thus much of the Christian revelation; the first is in contradiction with our own consciousness; the latter is not; hence there ought to be no doubt in a strong mind on which side truth lies.

Christianity proclaims a system or plan by which the consequences of

sin may be avoided, and humanity be enabled to know and obey the truth, without impairing the authority of law and the administration of divine justice. The terms of this plan are plain and simple: a belief in God, in man's sinfulness, the sacrifice of Christ as a condition, and repentance on the part of the sinner. Most of these beliefs we cherish as moralists; the death of Christ is the peculiarity of Christianity, the cornerstone of the whole scheme of salvation. To pardon without some great act of this kind might leave upon the mind of intelligence the impression that there was little difference between obedience and disobedience.

Christianity meets the weakness in human reason; it declares that the spirit of God shall aid the spirit of man in this conflict and battle of life. The teachings of consciousness lead us to feel the need of this aid, since no man of himself has yet been found to obey in all things. Man needs some spiritual influence to supply the weakness of his own spirit, both bearing conscious testimony that progress is being made in the moral or divine life.

Christianity, in its mode of recovery, meets man's consciousness. We all feel that sorrow, repentance for sin, is the only condition upon which reformation is possible. The criminal, who does not feel this sorrow in view of his crime, can never be reclaimed. Human experience teaches this, as also does human consciousness. Now, Christianity stands upon this fact, and declares repentance the first step in human recovery, without which nothing can be done. Thus does Christianity meet one and all the wants and necessities of our nature, and does it in harmony with the laws of our own spirits and in aid of what in us is spiritual.

Christianity proposes to communicate the correct law by which the mind should be directed; it claims to reveal the true laws of objective morality; the laws which will secure the soul's harmonious development and perfection in spiritual life.

There is nothing in Christianity which

can militate against the character of God. Man possesses the faculty of mercy, and hence, God also must possess it. It is apparent that Christianity is but the manifestation of the divine character. It takes the sinner from under a government of law and places him under a government of grace, under which there is hope for all those who accept its conditions. Once the condition was, obey and live; now it is repent and believe.

There faith, of necessity, becomes an element in every religious mind, as belief in divine things does not rest on evidence but on revelation. Evidence is either the testimony of other minds, or of facts gained by perception, neither of which can know God without revelation, nor communicate such knowledge to another. The things of God are only known by the spirit of God and no one knoweth the Father but the Son and he to whom the Son revealeth him. This revelation of God and of divine things, becomes knowledge only upon the ground of faith or belief in that revelation. No one can believe that, in the truth of which he has no confidence. Belief in a fact implies its actual existence. Belief or faith may, therefore, be defined as the admission of a fact or truth, which one does not know either through perception or consciousness.

This class of knowledge, founded upon faith or belief, constitutes the greater amount of all we do know either of the history of the world, of nations or of peoples; of all the sciences, chemical, astronomical or geological; indeed, of all we claim to know, which has not come under our own observations and calculations of perception and consciousness. We make no distinction between this class of knowledge and that obtained from actual observation and experience. They are both called knowledge, the highest term of certainty known in language. Men every day act upon such knowledge live and die upon a faith in the truth of such knowledge.

This belief which brings into action all the powers of the mind, and becomes the foundation of knowledge should be thoroughly understood to be ap-

preciated. It is not a simple act of the mind which must precede the final act of belief. Belief is founded on evidence, and evidence is that which in its nature tends to prove a fact denied or a truth disputed. There is here involved several operations of the mind. First, an unknown fact is asserted; secondly, evidence is produced to prove its existence; thirdly, a weighing and testing of this evidence, and a formal decision of the mind that the evidence proves the disputed fact, and, therefore, that it does exist; and fourthly, the belief formed in the truth of its existence. This process may be compared to a trial in a court of justice. Complaint is made charging a crime, the charge is denied; a jury is sworn to decide from evidence to be adduced, whether the charge is true or not. Evidence is adduced, canvassed, and upon this evidence the jury make their finding, and the sentence of the law follows, of course. In the mental process nearly the same proceedings take place, and belief then acts upon its finding, like the judgment of a court on the finding of a jury, and pronounces the fact asserted to be a fact, and by that act makes it knowledge for the mind; a fact admitted, therefore, to be treated like any other fact known to the mind.

Thus it will be seen that belief or faith is no simple act of the mind, but that it implies the exercise of several of the mental powers; as perception, to obtain the evidence; reason, to test and weigh it; judgment, to decide whether the fact is proved; and belief, declaring that this fact or truth so found is adjudged to be a fact or a truth, and laid aside in the storehouse of the memory, with its other knowledge, for use and reference when ever needed. Thereafter it is not questioned; like a matter in a court of justice, which has been adjudicated upon, it is to be referred to as fact and truth, without further question or proof.

The facts of revelation, so demonstrated and found in harmony with facts acquired by perception and consciousness, will also be in accord with all other facts of the universe or science.

That Christianity is a fact is as well historically authenticated as any other fact of either country or people. The life, character, mission, and death of Christ as its founder, and the annunciator of its precepts are as historically verified as that there was ever an Abraham or a Moses, or even a Washington, whose life was a boon to the human race of his time. This Christianity, however, promises more than history can impart, more than that which relates to the dead past; it promises to those who will believe in its

revelations and do the things required by its divine law, that they shall know, by the spirit that should accompany their obedience, that it is of God, and that the time will come when all that dwell upon the earth shall have this knowledge as the result of faith and belief in Christianity. This knowledge of God is eternal life, the full and complete development of the spiritual in man in all the attributes of Deity.

S. W. Richards.

Work more than genius succeeds.

## WORLD'S FAIRS OF 1889-1892.

A WRITER in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* gives some pertinent remarks concerning the Paris exposition, and at the same time shows how the proposed fair of 1892, to celebrate the completion of the fourth century since the discovery of a new world by Columbus, will enjoy great advantages over the present exposition which is attracting such attention, and numbers of people, to the French republic. New York is working assiduously to have the proposed fair held within her borders, and there is but little doubt that the metropolis will be selected as the most fitting place. The writer referred to says that nearly three months have passed since the exposition now being held in Paris was opened, and the indications now are that at its close it will have been visited by a much larger number of persons than have ever before attended a World's Fair. And yet this centennial celebration of the French Revolution contends with serious drawbacks. No important European monarchy has given it official countenance. Even the government of Great Britain, wherein the power of the throne is practically but nominal, refrained from answering the invitation to take part, and its ambassador, Lord Lytton, failed to be present at the opening ceremonies. When this course was assailed in Parliament, the defense from the ministerial

benches was that England "ought not to express approval of the revolution while that event is a subject of such fierce party controversy in France." The superfluous and illogical excuse advanced by a Tory member, that the English representative was absent on account of ill health, was met by Mr. Labouchere's remark, "We know all about sick ambassadors." The *Spectator* of June 1st gave the real reason in saying that, "to many it will seem as rational to celebrate [this] centenary as it would have been to celebrate the bicentenary of the Fire of London, on the ground that the city which arose from the ashes was cleaner and healthier than the city that was burnt." Russia, which has powerful diplomatic reasons for not giving offense to the French people, could not swallow the bitter dose which would be involved in aiding in the commemoration of an event the most abhorrent to her in all history, or in seeming to sanction in any way a principle diametrically opposed to the traditions and practices of her rulers. The Russian ambassador, like Lord Lytton, found it convenient to be out of Paris when the doors of the exposition were formally thrown open. The governments of Austro-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, Spain, and Portugal also declined the invitation to participate. In all these instances, however, private enterprise has

done more or less toward filling the gaps. But Germany holds aloof altogether, creating a most important void in a fair assuming to comprehensively stand for what is best in modern civilization. Denmark, Sweden, and Turkey are likewise wholly unrepresented. Outside of Europe, the governments of Egypt and Brazil have withheld their co-operation. The only countries that have officially accepted the invitation of France are the United States, Mexico, the Central and South American republics, Hayti, Switzerland, Norway, Greece, Monaco, Servia, Morocco, Persia, Siam, Japan, the republic of South Africa, and the British colonies of Victoria and New Zealand, acting independently of the imperial authority. The United States is the only nation of the first class that has cordially and unreservedly joined France in sustaining the enterprise, and it is American money that is flowing most freely through the channels of trade stimulated by the occasion.

Aside from the governmental discouragements on the part of foreign powers, it is to be remembered that international bad feeling has a deterrent effect upon private enterprise in a matter of this kind. There has long been a threatening war cloud hanging over Europe, which cannot but have had a depressing effect upon individuals forming the class which supplies exhibitors. The animosity of the Italians toward the French is scarcely, if any, less than that of the Germans. No one could say with confidence a short time ago that Continental peace would be maintained until the end of the fair. Even now that proposition falls short of certainty. Nor within France is there the feeling of political and financial security which leaves the public attention free to wholly occupy itself with the exposition. The elections soon to be held refer to questions of a critical nature. The national debt is a grievously heavy one, and is growing larger in spite of very onerous taxation. The collapses of the Panama Canal Company and of the copper syndicate come inopportunistly. It is an interesting manifestation of the French character

that notwithstanding these adverse influences an atmosphere of cheerfulness and gayety, such as is fitting to a prolonged festival season, is now maintained at Paris.

Whatever the merit of the French Exposition of 1889 may be—and it is acknowledged to be a success—it will have been gained in spite of marked disadvantages. The history of previous World's Fairs, commencing with that of the Crystal Palace in England in 1851, indicates a comparatively steady increase in the popular interest taken in them, and the fact that the attendance at the present one in Paris is as large as it is, under the circumstances mentioned, confirms this conclusion. It is in accordance with the growing interchanges of the gains of inventions in the various countries, the constantly improving means of communication and transportation, the widening habit of travel, and with material progress generally. The exposition likely to be held in or near New York City in 1892, to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America will be peculiarly free from the detriments experienced at Paris. The event to be commemorated is one which pre-eminently concerns all mankind. It has no offensive significance for any one, either politically or historically. The United States is at peace with every nation on the face of the earth. It is known to have no aggressive designs in any quarter, and is the object of no animosities. There is not a government which will decline to take part in honoring upon our soil the transcendent achievement of Columbus. Almost every nation on the globe is represented to a greater or less extent in our population. Though the Anglo-Saxon predominates, our nationality is a composite one. To say nothing of those whose parents were born elsewhere, eight millions of our people are of foreign birth. More than two millions of these are Germans. Almost as many are Irish. Then follow Scandinavians, French and Italians in appreciable numbers; and the census takes note of some thirty other classifications. Everything

conspire to make the World's Fair of 1892 at New York what it purports to be—a thoroughly representative occasion. There is no spot where delegations from every country can meet with better grace than in the chief city of the Western hemisphere, and nothing in which all mankind can more appropriately join in celebrating than the material addition Columbus made to the real estate and breathing room of civilization.

It cannot be predicted what condition the business of the country will be in three years hence, but a prosperity that can stand as much abuse as ours has demonstrated a capacity to meet may safely be relied on to bear up under all the depressing influences that can accumulate between that time and this. Whatever happens, our financial buoyancy will then be greater than that of France is now. It requires a study of statistics to convince one who has not given the subject attention of the extent of the economic strides made by the United States since the Centennial Fair of 1876 was held. In the matter of exports and imports the figures for 1888 are forty-two per cent. greater than those of twelve years ago. This stands for the progress of our business transactions with foreign countries, and our internal manufacturing and commercial growth has kept the same pace. Assuming that the indications to the effect that the popularity of World's Fairs is steadily increasing are trustworthy, noting the advantages the centenary of 1892 in New York will have over that of Paris of the present year, both with respect to foreign co-operation and home progress and prosperity, and holding in view the augmenting interest taken abroad in American trade and affairs generally, the prospect for the success of our contemplated exposition is particularly bright.

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#### PRIDE.

"And if ye seek the riches which it is the will of the Father to give unto you, ye shall be the richest of all people, for ye shall have the riches of eternity; and it must needs be that the riches of the world are mine to give; but

beware of pride, lest ye become as the Nephites of old."—Doc. & Cov. Sec. 38.

"Beware of pride lest ye become as the Nephites of old." What became of them? They were destroyed from off the face of the earth because of their pride and wickedness. Pride! Oh, what a source of evil, and what examples of downfall lies in that word! But let us reflect for a moment and ask ourselves the question, What have we to be proud of anyway? Do you know that that lofty and spacious mansion which has engendered in your heart a scorn for the lowly cottage of the poor, can be reduced to dust by the simple touch of the Creator's finger? Are you not aware that that elegant apparel and that costly golden decoration, and those diamonds which flash and sparkle, are but borrowed articles, from the storehouse of God—the elements? What have we to be proud of? Can we truly call the smallest of these earthly riches our own? Can we make a spear of grass, a grain of sand or a drop of water? Yet we will let a little shining gold, and a little learning "throw back our heads in pride and spurn the humble brother at our side."

There was once a person on this earth who, above all beings, had a reason to be proud. He suffered the throes of death on the cruel cross; He subdued His enemies; He conquered the destroyer and completed the victory over the grave; He rose from the dead; He had all power given to Him both in heaven and on earth; yet we actually see Him seated on the seashore by a small fire, preparing a humble meal and sharing it with some poor fishermen! Oh, humility! so incomprehensibly grand! The King of this earth, yet he ate fish and bread with the poor and humble by the pleasant sea of Galilee. Whenever a little vanity creeps into your heart, think of the example that your Savior set you.

I will ask again the question—of what have we to be proud? I will tell you for what we may be thankful and grateful to God. Young man, thank God for your manhood; young woman, thank

him for your womanhood; both, be grateful to him for your virtue. Be thankful and praise him for a good name, good parents, and righteous

leaders. Praise him for the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and be thankful that you are a "Mormon."

*Nephi Anderson.*

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## BASIS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

GOVERNMENTS are formed to preserve the rights of man, to control and direct his actions, and should be administered by such process as will develop the highest order of political manhood. From the beginning man has worked at the problem of social life, and has made many experiments of government. History is full of the records of the successful and the unsuccessful attempts to rear superstructures of government, in which opportunities were extended to the latent forces of the human mind; forces discovered under the light of the solution of a higher education—and often maintained, through the exercise of sovereign power, by efficient laws, and equally as often crushed or destroyed by the exercise of arbitrary power.

To the individuals, and more particularly to the young man just starting upon his work of qualification, we would say, if you are interested in the affairs of your country, in the establishment and perpetuity of sound principles of government, and in the final triumph of good and wise legislation—look within. Let the first work in laying the foundation for a more comprehensive knowledge of government be that of introspection. The old law of "supply and demand" will apply to the interests of government as well as it does to the interests of commerce. The laws and institutions of good government are supplied as society demands them, no more, no less. This is political economy. You must make a study of self. Study man. Know man in his normal condition, with his faculties and functions active. Know him in an abnormal condition, and learn the processes of restoration. Having learned this, the demand is now made for the aid and help of government to carry out the object and aim of life.

In the economy of nature, nothing useless is made. Every organ of the human body has its purpose and is susceptible of cultivation. Every faculty of the soul was made for development. Man in his entirety, was created for the sole purpose of development, expansion, growth and progress. Accepting this proposition, what comes next? Man was not created alone. He is born into society. He does not enter there on his own volition, he is born there. He awakes to consciousness, a social being. He is a part of the whole, a member of the community. All his native instincts are of a social order.

He is not alone. He cannot say "I am lord of all I survey." All his rights and privileges are fundamentally based upon the rights of society. All his progress and advancement must be with the "body politic." He is restrained, restricted, if you please, in his rights to the limit of his obligations to others, to society but no farther. When the rights of others shall have been fully considered and respected, then he has or should have, opportunities for the exercise of all his privileges and the enjoyment of all his rights. Acting upon this, his progressive nature now makes its demands. What are they? The answer is good government; a government civil in its nature; a government that gives to each citizen, without distinction, all his rights, and protects him therein. No man should claim, or even desire, any right or privilege, that he is not absolutely willing that all others should possess. This principle of social statics is embodied in that divine injunction "do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" and we find that where the highest order of government prevails, it forms an enduring,

golden chain that binds man to man in all his jural relations.

We now turn from the introspection of self to the retrospection of nations, the individuals in mass, in society. We do this, that we may gather from the historic past such material as may be serviceable in the construction of a government that will meet our desires and supply our demands. We seek to find out what man has done for man in the past. We look for precedents. We study society as it existed, in all its phases, through the ages and epochs that now slumber. We turn the light of investigation into the dark and mysterious caverns of the past; we let it penetrate the recesses of secrecy that lie at the foundation of human institutions, and acquaint ourselves with the plans and policies that raised society to its greatest elevation, or discover the cabals of venality that corrupted nations and polluted the social atmosphere for centuries afterward.

The same cause always produces the same effect. There are known conditions that effect manly independence and follow up with an exalted manhood. There are conditions, equally as well known, that debase the citizen to an unmanly dependence and draw from him every element of manhood. In our researches for an ideal we must not look for a perfect government. Perfection in government exists only in the Government of God. We are now discussing civil government, and not theocracies. We are retrospecting those systems of organized society formed by man, systems formed by the genius of man, the philosophies of the human intellect; but enlightened, possibly, in many instances by the light of inspiration that emanated from the source of Supreme Intelligence, the All-Wise, the Ruler of the Universe, the Only Philosopher. "Do what we may there is a divinity that shapes our ends," applies more to nations than to individuals. We study human governments. We analyze their composition, and note the immediate and the remote effects upon society. All the known theories of government and the philoso-

phies of systems, have been tried, or are being tried. These trials and experiments are placed before the student of history.

Let us proceed to a thoughtful research, if not to a critical examination. I hardly deem it necessary, however, to draw the attention of the reader to those governments monarchial in form, and more especially those that were, or are absolute. They are despotisms. They have been weighed in the scales of human progress, and have been found wanting in every element necessary to sustain the growth of the mind and the expansion of the soul. Those old despotic powers belonged, if they belonged to earth at all, to the primitive times, to the days when superstition was religion, and when ignorance was enshrined, when fanaticism was the genius of action and could only be controlled by arbitrary power. This arbitrary power dwindles before the light of civilization, and recedes entirely from view before its full glare. As man advances in understanding, the *ego* proclaims itself, and he becomes conscious of his attributes, and senses the obligations of his being to the Creator and to his conscious fellow beings. Acting under this consciousness and with the importance of these obligations ever before him, he seeks to sever all cords that bind the human will, and to break all chains that fetter the enlightened soul.

History is full of struggles for emancipation, emancipation from the slavery of ignorance and the tyranny of despotic power. Study the Russia of today. Look within her walls by the light of our civilization. Scrutinize her methods and systems. Take up her exile system. Go with Kennan and follow the path of the exile till you find him in his far distant Siberian prison. Note the privations and the evidences of physical suffering, to say nothing of the mental horror, all along the route. Should you measure the magnitude of his crime by the severity of his punishment, you would naturally conclude that this miserable exile is a criminal of the most hardened type. I repeat, this conclusion would be perfectly natural, but before you render a

verdict in your own mind, let the prisoner make a statement. Find out from him the nature of his crime and its extent. Well, what is it? He looks like an intelligent, honest man, why is he thus separated from family and friends, taken from his home and doomed to years of exile in this frozen region? Let us know the crime. Well, he was a man, and dared to think like a man, even in Russia. He made a study of himself, and of his surroundings. He formed an opinion, the result of this study, as to how the conditions of society could be bettered. He discovered some inalienable rights that belong to every man, and wanted a system that would protect him in them. He had the courage of his convictions and dared to openly express them. He was not a Nihilist, but he had an opinion that the government could be improved. He expressed that opinion. Enough. This was his crime. For this he suffers. An enlightened soul crushed by the heel of the despot! From such governments we turn with commiseration for the miserable subjects, and an earnest supplication for the annihilation of the monster guilty of such excesses in tyranny. We can gather nothing good from the past or the present Russia. Even the freedom of her serfs assumes the appearance of a farce in the face of such enormities.

We now turn from this form of monarchic government to the democracies and the republics of the world. We will take them past and present also. I think I am correct in saying that our republic is the only genuine constitutional republic ever attempted by man. Those who entertain fears as to the future of our experiment of self-government, point with seeming exultation to the republics of Rome and Greece. But what of them as republics? If you will allow me, I will insert here a quotation from McClure's "What of the Republic," that is historical in fact, beautiful in diction, and presents exactly what I wish to impart: "But Rome never was a free representative government. What is called her republic was but a series of surging plebeian and patrician revolutions, of Tribunes,

Consuls and Dictators. \* \* \* The tranquility, the safety, and the inspiration of a government of liberty and law, are not to be found in all the thousand years of Roman greatness. The imperial purple soon followed in Rome, as a debauched people were prepared to accept in form what they had long accepted with the mockery of freedom. Rulers and subjects, noble and ignoble, church and state, made common cause to precipitate her decay. The rude hosts of Atilla, the 'Scourge of God,' swarmed upon her and their battle-axes smote the demoralized warriors of the tottering empire. The Goths and the Vandals jostled each other, \* \* \* and Rome was left widowed in her ruins. And Carthage! she too had reared a great government by spoliation and called it a republic. It was the creation of ambition and conquest. But Carthage never was free until the cormoran and the bittern possessed it and the God of nations had 'stretched out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness.' We read of the Grecian republic; but it was a libel upon free government. Her so-called free institutions consisted of a loose, discordant confederation of independent States, when despotism ruled in the name of liberty. Sparta has made romance pale before the achievements of her sons, but her triumphs were not of peace, nor were they for free government. Athens abolished royalty more than a thousand years before the Christian era, and made Athenian history most thrilling and instructive, but her citizens were strangers to freedom. Solon restored her laws to some measure of justice, only to be cast aside for the usurper. Greece yet has a name among the nations of the world, but her sceptre has long since been unfelt in shaping the destiny of mankind. Thus did Rome, and Carthage, and Greece fade from the zenith of distinction and power, before constitutional government of the people had been born among men."

These were the grand republics of the past. In them we find no model. Of the lesser ones it is useless to speak, for they represent the same system on a



smaller scale. And from the republics of to-day — Switzerland, Mexico and others, we can gather nothing, for on the question of constitutional freedom, the world has neither lost nor gained. They possess no formulas of constitutional liberty. With the republics of the past, it was license or despotism. It was left to America to establish a government of freedom, where liberty is restrained and protected by law. A freedom that is constitutional—the *only* genuine Republic ever established by man.

You will pardon me now for referring to England. I do so because England stands next to the United States on the question of constitutional freedom. But England is a monarchy. Yes, but its royalty is almost nominal, save in the immense appropriations made to sustain the royal house. When it comes to the active government the House of Commons, the representatives of the people, constitutes the real sovereignty that controls her destinies and regulates the environs. But then it has its monarchic influences—its House of Lords, its rank.

So we proudly come back to our own republic. Here we have the most perfect system of government ever conceived by man. Here under our constitution, beneath the folds of our banner, there is no rank, there is no purple—but opportunities are offered to every citizen.

The only possibility for corruption and decadence lies in doing violence to the constitution, in permitting acts contrary to its spirit and genius. So long as our statesmen and legislators rise above prejudice and excitement, and allow themselves to be swayed by the majesty of our constitution, there need be no fear of the decay and death of our republic.

The system is nearly perfect. The operation is left to the people. Success depends upon the way the sovereign power, the people, are educated. If the people are the sovereigns they must become learned in the elements of their sovereignty, that they may adopt intelligent methods for its perpetuity. The people must protect the power they possess. How? Through the purity of the ballot box. Here, the majority rules. By the votes of the people, we ascertain the will of the majority. Every fraudulent vote is a thrust at the very vitals of our government. Votes must be honest. Votes should be intelligent. To give the right of suffrage to a man who is ignorant of the constitution, and unacquainted with the spirit and genius of our institutions—is to administer poison to the body politic, to inoculate the germs of a disease that ends in convulsions, threatening the very life of the nation.

*T. B. Lewis.*

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## THE HONOR OF OFFICE.

A SHORT time ago Judge Thomas M. Cooley, chairman of the Inter-state Commerce Commission, visited Salt Lake City. The circumstance brings to mind the rumor that this gentleman, who is not only well fitted for the position which he occupies, but is also conspicuously named for the vacancy upon the Supreme Bench, has been offered \$25,000 per year as chairman of the Railway Trunk Line Association. He receives \$7,500 in his present government position.

This leads George William Curtis to ask, "Which invitation would a man

naturally accept?" \* \* \* "To put the question in another way, do great business and executive abilities gravitate toward public or private employment? Does the man who develops the qualities which command large incomes and naturally seek a career apply for an office under government or under a great corporation? There are thousands of men at this moment fiercely contending for executive appointment at Washington, seeking foreign missions, or 'anything else as good,' willing to be made officers of almost any grade and almost anywhere. Are they gene-

rally men whose services would be sought by private corporations or business houses? Once more, when the government selects among these applicants, does it choose those who are best fitted by character, knowledge, experience and training, or by some rule of thumb? In other words, in the necessary competition for employes with private business which offers large salaries, does the government endeavor to make up for the lower compensation by the higher consideration? Does it enhance or cheapen the value of its own service? Does it, for instance, offer a man the gratification of honorable distinction, of the conscious dignity which naturally attaches to public service, or by the method of obtaining and holding place does it add to the lower emolument a certain degradation, and so repel those whom it should attract?

"It is impossible for the government to compete with private corporations in the amount of salaries which it pays even for its higher service. Commonsense would dictate, therefore, that by providing a reasonable and not a capricious tenure, and by making the most of the honor of its service in every grade, it would attract to it the best available skill and character and training. It was reported of an eminent and eloquent

clergyman that in speaking of a family in his parish he said that Tom was the youngest and stupidest of the children, and as he was not particularly fit for anything, they made a minister of him. The government certainly ought not to add to its disadvantages in the competition with private employers. But when it deliberately selects for offices of great trust and responsibility, controlling sometimes enormous sums of public money, men whom no private corporation or business would even think of intrusting with such responsibilities, the whole public service and every public officer are discredited."

The questions and conclusions are very pertinent as well as important. It depends much upon the government's answer to these queries whether the political degradation that is blooming at present over the land, by which unprincipled demagogues rule, shall continue to bear sway, or whether principle, integrity and merit shall be recognized in the political councils of the nation. Politics should be made honorable. Men should be placed in position, not because they possess the most influence or cash, or control the greatest number of "wires," but because they are best adapted to fulfill honorably the calling to which they are appointed or elected.

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## A VISIT TO PRISON.

ON a bright Sunday morning in the latter part of October, 1886, I paid a visit to the House of Correction, situated in the north-west suburbs of the city of Detroit, Michigan. The name has become familiar from the fact that several of the Saints were sent there from Idaho and other places, during the recent raid on the Mormons. Introducing myself as president of the north-western states mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I was cordially received by Captain Joseph Nicholson, the superintendent of the prison. I said that the brethren in his care, came under my jurisdiction, and that, therefore, I should

like to hold religious services with them, and administer the sacrament to them, to which he replied that he regretted that most of the time of the prisoners would be occupied that day, as the government inspector would be there to see them, and regular service would commence at 3 p.m. He could, however, give me from 1:30 to 2:20 p.m. to meet with my brethren. He said he was sorry that anyone should be confined in prison for his religious practices and beliefs. He said he knew these men to be honest, and upright, and that he would not be afraid to trust them unaccompanied to go to any part of the city, being

perfectly confident of their return. He had been kind to them, and intended to be, allowing them every privilege that the regulations would permit. His assistants spoke in like high terms of the Mormons confined there.

Promptly at 1:30 p.m. the great iron gate opened and we walked into a room, to the left of which still another door swung open, as we approached, when we came onto a platform, about ten feet wide, which led from the outer wall to the building used for worship. As we came through the doorway we beheld a massive stone building in the centre of a covered enclosure, and long rows of dark-mouthed cells came to view. Close to our feet, ready to march, stood in single file eleven of my brethren dressed in gray uniform and hatless. I stepped forward to speak to them, but the watchman said, "Don't speak to them," and so I followed him into the hall of worship where we took seats near the stand and waited till the brethren were seated around us. I desired to reach out my hands to them, as they passed near me, but was again constrained by Mr. Walfer, the assistant jailor. The feelings which I experienced at this moment cannot be expressed as I thought how these brethren had bidden farewell to their homes and loved ones and for their conscience' sake had taken upon them this cross! How the pictures of their weeping wives and children came to them, bound as they were with the chains of oppression; torn from their dear ones without mercy, deprived of their liberty for the sake of their belief! I could not help longing for the time, which is slowly but surely coming, when the bonds of the people of Zion shall be shattered and they be set free.

I saw inexpressible feelings in the hearts of the brethren, and went up into the pulpit with tears rolling down my cheeks. My words choked by the emotions in my breast on beholding them thus confined for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ. I spoke about ten minutes, after which one of the guards, at my request, brought bread and water. I have heard, like all

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the Saints, our familiar hymn, "We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet," sung a thousand times, but never before had I heard it given with such spirit and force as in this prison house of worship. Tears rolled down each face, and the guards as well were visibly affected. I offered prayer, blessed the bread and water. The holy sacrament was partaken of with eagerness, and to me, as well as to my brethren, it tasted sweet and delicious. It comforted us and filled us with unspeakable joy. I spoke a short time on the signs of the times, and the near approach of our Deliverer and Lord, encouraging them to continue the patience and forgiveness, as well as the faith they had already manifested. Four or five of the brethren bore their testimony to the truth, and expressed their thankfulness to God that he had revealed the Gospel to mankind, and that they had been permitted to suffer for its establishment. One of the speakers said he was glad to be where he was, for it would teach him humility. All could not speak as time would not permit, so I said, "All who feel as the speakers have expressed themselves, will raise their hands." All hands went up.

The time was spent, and after prayer we shook hands with a hearty God bless you, and parted. They all testified to the uniform kind manner in which the officers treated them. I will long remember the visit as a pleasant episode in my missionary life. Its rehearsal should teach the young men of Zion that those who bear the burden of the work of God do not always walk on rose-bedeked paths; that those who establish the principles of the Gospel of Christ must bear the cross of sacrifice in order to enjoy the sunshine of liberty, exaltation, and eternal lives in the Kingdom of God.

*Wm. M. Palmer.*

— DON'T MENTION THE BRIERS.—It is not only a wise and happy thing to make the best of life, and always look on the bright side, for one's own sake, but it is a blessing to others. Fancy a man forever telling his family how much they cost him! A little sermon on this

subject was unconsciously preached by a child one day last fall.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket full of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy, "she always

seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on. Sammy's remarks had given him a lesson, and he resolved that henceforth he would try to hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.

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Forgiveness is rarely perfect except in the breasts of those who have suffered.

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## THE OLDEST AND SMALLEST SECT IN THE WORLD.

THERE is to be found in the heart of the small city of Nablus, in North Palestine, a little religious community—now numbering about one hundred and fifty souls—which has defied the ravages of war and poverty and oppression nearly three thousand years. Unlike the Vaudois, these Samaritans have had no friendly system of mountain buttresses to defend themselves through the centuries; and still more unlike the long-lived Savoyard Protestants, they have been right in the pathway along which the devastating armies have marched back and forth, from the time of Sargon to Napoleon. But they have lived on, and their unity has never been broken. They have clung to little Nablus and to their sacred Mount Gerizim, as the very cactus roots to the granite sides in the sombre Ebal that confronts them across their little enchanted valley. \* \* \* \*

The feeling with which the present Samaritans regard the Mohammedans is of that intense bitterness which they have always manifested toward the Jews. And why not? Does not the Samaritan date his faith from Abraham, or rather from Adam? and has he not a right to call that an infant religion which has been in existence for only the trifle of twelve centuries? Is not the Koran one of your new catchpenny romances, while that mysterious copy of the Pentateuch, made of sacred lambskins, which the Samaritans have been reading and kissing through these many ages, is the old-

est copy in existence, written down by Aaron's own grandson, and the veritable original of all the Pentateuchs in the world?

As the population of Nablus is just about twelve thousand, the little Samaritan community is almost absorbed by the surrounding Mohammedan mass. Save to a careful observer, the very existence and presence of the Samaritans as a distinct element of citizenship in Nablus would not be noticed. The Samaritans wear a turban, much like that of their true Moslem neighbors, but between the history and theology of the two classes there is not a single point of positive resemblance.

The Samaritan synagogue is a small building in the centre of Nablus, half obscured by the surrounding dwellings. I passed through arched and littered streets to a little court, in the middle of which was a little plot of grass, relieved by three trees, two of which were lemon. I here found a little Samaritan school, and at the sight of a stranger the children sprang from the floor where they were sitting, kissed my hand, and begged for backsheesh. The teacher was a youth of about fourteen, the son of Amram the high-priest. I was greatly disappointed at failing to find Amram himself, but in the end this circumstance aided me in my chief object, for the young man was willing, for a good fee, to show me the ancient Pentateuch. His father might have been deaf to all entreaties.

The claim of the Samaritans to have a copy of the Pentateuch older than the Jewish is supported by their own unbroken tradition, and by the opinion of some learned men of the present time in Christian countries. But the weight of internal evidence is against it—among which may be mentioned grammatical emendations, late glosses in the text, insertions of foreign passages, alterations, Samaritanisms, and changes in support of Samaritan doctrine.

There are three codices kept in the little synagogue in Nablus, two being generally shown to strangers. It is very rarely that the veritable one can be seen. My good fortune in getting a hasty look at it was due to the venturesome and avaricious spirit of Amram's son, rather than to any management of my own. Having first exhibited the two imitations the young man, upon the offer of an additional fee, then brought out the original scroll from a chest. After the removal of the red satin cover I saw that the codex was enclosed in a silver cylindrical case, which had two doors opening on two sets of hinges. When these doors were thrown back the whole column was exposed to the vision. This cylinder is of rich workmanship. It is about two feet and a half long and nearly a foot in diameter, and presents, in exquisitely raised work, a good plan of the Tabernacle, with every part given with the utmost minuteness and rarest skill. The roll consists of dingy skins—prepared before the invention of parchment—sewed together with neat stitches, and worn and patched, and here and there entirely illegible. The skins are of equal size, and measure each twenty-five inches long and fifteen wide.

Before leaving Nablus I had the opportunity of spending an evening with Amram at his own house. He lived in the greatest simplicity, though in Palestine that is the rule rather than the exception. Mrs. L. Karey, the wife of the missionary in Nablus in the employment of the Church Missionary Society of London, was good enough to accompany me and serve as interpreter. The ven-

erable high-priest, who was barefooted, and clad in a great turban and loose flowing robe, received us with calm and dignified cordiality in his room—at once his parlor, dining-room and bedroom. His very aged mother was lying on the floor covered with bedclothing, and asleep. There were several children, half asleep, lying about the room. Amram's son-in-law was slowly copying a Pentateuch—for the Samaritans have no printing press. It requires a year to make a copy which is never sold, and is only used by the community. The aged mother of Amram arose after we had been present a few minutes, the many ornaments on her neck and in her ears making a harsh tinkling sound as she moved. I was invited to a seat on the floor and to take coffee and cigarettes. The mother, on seeing guests in her presence, took a rude bellows and blew up the dull coals under the copper kettle. Coffee, the Oriental's unfailling proof of hospitality, was handed us in little cups.

The peculiar views of Amram may be said to represent very fairly the theology of his dying community. The world, he claimed, is about seven thousand years old. For fifty-five years men will go on increasing in wickedness, after which there will come a time of great peace and purity. Then there will come on a new period of consummate wickedness, which will last for three hundred years. This time will be consummated by the total destruction of the world. After this the general judgment will take place, when the righteous will go to live with God and the wicked with Satan. There are some people who have clean hearts, or at least are accepted as clean, though none are absolutely pure. Just here Amram looked off, as if in the distance, and said, "God is one!" Here he intended a slight thrust at all Christians, because of their emphasis on Christ and His divine character.

He spoke with interest of the ruins on Mount Gerizim, and of the increase of his community within the last thirty years. He closed by expressing his

firm belief that the time would come when the Samaritans would be the most numerous body in the world.

Amram has since died, and the sedate

son-in-law, being the eldest male relative, has succeeded him in the high-priesthood.—*Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D., in Harper's Magazine.*

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## THE PHONOGRAPH.

Strange to say, I had never seen a Punch and Judy show until the summer of 1879; at this same show I saw the greatest wonder known—the phonograph. It was a rude and clumsy box, in which was a cylinder containing some tin foil which received the sound-pulsations of the speaker by means of a tube; and then, when emitted, by means of winding, a funnel-shaped transmitter would repeat the same sounds, to the delight and astonishment of the visitors. Many classed the phonograph with the show—it was a toy made to amuse the children. But Thomas Alva Edison, the inventor, had promised wonders, from the principles involved, in an article on “The Phonograph and its Future,” which appeared to the world in 1878. He showed these exhibition models of the phonograph all over the country in 1878-79, but soon thereafter devoted his time to the perfection of the electric light, which necessarily retarded his progress in carrying out his ideas concerning the phonograph. Ten years thereafter, June, 1888, he contributed an article to the *North American Review*, entitled “The Perfected Phonograph,” in which he verifies the promises made ten years before, and repeats what the phonograph is now ready to do. The whole article reads like an idle dream. He enumerates his former promises, and tells, among other things, what the phonograph is capable of carrying out:

“1. Letter writing and all kinds of dictation without the aid of a stenographer. 2. Phonographic books, which speak to blind people without effort on their part. 3. The teaching of elocution. 4. Reproduction of music. 5. The “Family Record”—a registry of sayings, reminiscences, etc., by members of a family, in their own voices, and of the

last words of dying persons. 6. Music boxes and toys. 7. Clocks that announce in articulate speech the time for going home, going to meals, etc. 8. The preservation of languages, by exact reproduction of the manner of pronouncing. 9. Educational purposes; such as preserving the explanations made by a teacher, so that the pupil can refer to them at any moment, and spelling or other lessons placed upon the phonograph for convenience in committing to memory. 10. Connection with the telephone, so as to make that invention an auxiliary in the transmission of permanent and invaluable records, instead of being the recipient of momentary and fleeting communications.”

He then recounts other uses, such as a person sitting in his room and enjoying songs, poems, piano or violin music, short stories, anecdotes, or dialect pieces, by putting them on his phonograph. He can in this way listen to them as originally sung or recited by authors, vocalists and actors, or elocutionists.” The voice of Patti singing in England can thus be heard again on this side of the ocean, or preserved for future generations. The speeches of orators, the discourses of clergymen, can be had “on tap” in every house that owns a phonograph. Newspaper reporters and correspondents can talk their matter into the phonograph, either in the editorial office or at some distant point, by a telephone wire connected with a phonograph in the composing room, so that the communication may be set up in type without any preliminary of writing it out in long hand. Authors can publish their novels and essays exclusively in phonograph form, so as to talk to their readers personally; our distant friends may speak to us from any part of

the earth. Many other uses are recounted, and the article closes with these words: "Enough has been said, I think, to indicate that the phonograph, unlike children, should be 'seen' and 'heard.'"

Some days ago, just ten years after my experience with the Punch and Judy show and the old phonograph, I was permitted to see and hear the perfected phonograph and witness some of its capabilities. It is a small piece of mechanism operated by electricity. It has a cylinder which is operated upon by a small indenter, stylus or perforator, attached to the speaking tube. This perforator or stylus engraves the record in the surface of the cylinder. The cylinder is placed in position much like the bobbin of a sewing machine and is revolved as the speaking goes on, by means of the motive power. It is coated by a specially prepared wax. The groove, made upon it when speaking, and which constitutes the record, is very fine—microscopic in size. It is said that one hundred and sixty grooves to the inch are cut on the cylinder. It will hold all the way from eight hundred to one thousand words. Finally, it is very light, being made of paper, is portable, and may be sent by mail just as one would send a little roll of paper. For sending several at a time, boxes are provided. It is very cheap, and where the first records are not wanted for preservation, fifteen different records may be taken on one roll. The very act of speaking on, or recording, a second record erases the first, and so on. When it is desired to reproduce the record, a reproducing diaphragm is placed upon the instrument, containing a flexible tube, which is branched and provided in the ends with ear pieces. These ear pieces are hung in the ear. The operation of winding the cylinder then begins, by the same power as at first, and the sounds which were spoken before are now reproduced to the hearing of the person at the instrument exactly as they were spoken, with the same voice, accent and pauses. If he should misunderstand stand a word, he need only turn back and hear it over again as often as he

wishes. The listener may have a type-writer upon which to record the words as he hears them or he may write them in long hand as he pleases, taking sentence by sentence. Where power is used, the driving wheel may be put in and out of gear, enabling the copyist to take as many words as he can retain in mind, and then letting the machine wait till he gets ready to move. The process of listening to a speech, letter, essay, song or sermon, may be repeated a thousand times from the same roll if necessary. It requires only little skill to operate one of the instruments, and no more training than is needed for the operation of a sewing machine, while less instruction and practice are required to learn to operate the phonograph than the type-writer.

Like the telephone, the phonograph is not for sale, but will be let at an annual rental of, say \$40 or \$50. It is said that public phonograph stations will in time be established, just as we have now telephone and telegraph stations, where those who may not be able to afford an instrument, may talk and hear messages at a very moderate cost. These may be received from any part of the country or from foreign lands, and may, of course, be sent at pleasure to any foreign or domestic postoffice, where the recipient, instead of reading the message, will listen to the voice of the sender, either through the instrument in his own parlor or through that at the public station. In this way friends, long separated, may hear each other's voices. Astronomers tell us that it takes so long for the light of certain stars to reach this earth, on account of their distance, that we are not certain but they may have burned out long before their brightest rays shine upon us. So these rolls, containing the living voice of the human race to-day, will speak to the people of the far-down ages yet to be, when the earth-light in us shall have been snuffed out long ago; or when we shall be where a knowledge of all the wonderful laws of God will enable us to converse from sphere to sphere, or travel from world to world in all the universe. How easy it is to com-

prehend the possibility of the great books that shall be opened; and, that from the mighty roll of our Father we shall hear over again our thoughts, our words, our acts in this life, and be judged according to their import, good or bad.

There are a thousand uses to which the phonograph may be put. If a man should call upon another and find him away, he need only go to the phonograph and talk his message, which will be kept until his friend returns, when the phonograph will repeat every word said with accuracy. Authors will find it handy to record their ideas, which may come like a flash and be gone before time can be found to record them with a pen. Clerks and public officers, and lawyers will find it especially adapted for convenient use by them. Business men may talk their answers to correspondents into the phonograph, and let them be listened to and copied by assistants—a much easier method than by stenography, and not so liable to error.

Besides this, Mr. Edison claims that he is able to multiply to any extent, at slight cost, phonographic copies of the blank after the talking, or music, or other sounds have been put upon it once. He invites us to consider what a grand thing it will be for our posterity to have our sayings and instructions which they may hear in our own voice in years to come; and says, "what a priceless possession it would have been to us, could we have General Grant's memor-

able words, 'Let us have peace,' inscribed on the phonograph for perpetual reproduction in his own intonations!"

In regard to the philosophy of the construction of the phonograph, Edison had noticed "the precision with which even the faintest sea-waves impress upon the surface of a beach the fine, sinuous line which is formed by the rippling edge of their advance;" also "that grains of sand sprinkled on a smooth surface of glass or wood, on or near a piano, sift themselves into various lines and curves according to the vibrations of the melody played upon the piano keys." These phenomena were well known, but it had not occurred to him, until he discovered it accidentally while experimenting with another object in view, that "a human voice might be so directed as to trace an impression upon some solid substance, with a nicety equal to that of the tide in recording its flow upon a sand beach." This he learned, however, and has given us the results in his perfected phonograph, in which, as he says, "we realize the 'poetry of motion' in a new sense, combined with the science of motion."

A western agency, operating under the authority of the North American Phonograph Company, are now canvassing Colorado and Utah, and indications are that in a very few months the phonograph will be as common in all our cities as the telephone and electric light. *Edward H. Anderson.*

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## THE SIZE FAMILY.

It is often said that man is the creature of circumstances. And it is only too true that many persons drift so carelessly and aimlessly through the world as to allow their surroundings to rule them, instead of impressing the character of a determined human will and noble purpose upon every thing that comes in their way. Those, however, are not the people who are compelling the otherwise destructive elements in nature to render most valuable services to mankind, and

whose wise precepts and beautiful lives are uniting the human race into that brotherhood in which all love their neighbors as themselves.

Circumstances and surroundings are too often looked upon as real, formidable facts. The boy and girl of "poor birth" are too apt to feel, not only that the beginning foreshadows the end, and that they will always be poor, but also, that their lot will be a low one, confined to the ordinary uses of manual labor;



## THE SIZE FAMILY.

while those whose parents control an abundance of this world's goods, or who are favored with ample opportunities to cultivate their mental and social powers, easily fall into the seductive idea that they belong to a select class, as though the opportunities into which they were born were the end to be attained, or that to which these can only be facilitating means.

Push and energy open the way to success, and the person who thus secures his own opportunities is sure to use them to the best advantage, while those who are born into the most favorable circumstances for great achievements in life, too often fail in making very good use of their best privileges. The love of pleasure, ease, and show—self-love—is man's great enemy. It is even this that hinders the poor boy and girl, as well as the rich and favored, from developing and using the opportunities that are at their command. They who without any effort of their own are placed in most favorable circumstances for becoming useful and prosperous, have many warnings among persons of their class not to trust to these alone; but the less favored will often need the encouragement of the noble examples of the stars that have risen out of their own ranks.

But the next, and a very important question is, what constitutes a noble character and makes a person worthy of the honor and respect of the human race? Here the differences of opinion among thoughtful people can not be so very great; yet some will naturally give greater prominence to one trait of character and others to another, nor do all have a like appreciation of what seems to them good and useful. There is a propensity to help praise what every person praises, and condemn what all denounce, and thus to have little to say about the good qualities of our neighbors who have not a public reputation, or those noble characteristics in the common people which are found in so many that they no longer attract the general public attention; or which are active in such quiet ways as to make it evident that the object is usefulness and not

notoriety. Yet the noblest lives are those which aim not at great things, but strive to be useful in every possible way. No useful calling is low; but the higher the calling the lower it is to be negligent in it.

Many years ago there lived a family in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, by the name of Size; two sons and four daughters. The parents had not been born to wealth, and to say that the father was addicted to strong drink, of course, also implies that they were very poor. The mother was evidently a good woman, though but little was said about her. None of her children, at least, felt it necessary to follow the example of a drunken father, or to depend upon the miserable fare which he would provide for his family. They all sought early for homes among the farmers of the neighborhood; and their behavior was such, that wherever such services as they could render were needed, there was a home for any of them. But they never needed to change homes. One of the sons and one of the daughters lived for many years in the same family. Finally the son left and learned the carpenter's trade, and then his younger brother took his place with that farmer.

But the idea of some is that a boy and young man can not well get down lower than to be a "hireling" on a farm, or a young woman than to be a servant in a farm kitchen, especially at the time when the Size family were so hired out, for then the work of the women of the house included milking the cows, butter-making, attending to the poultry, and generally, also, to the calves, and pigs, and the garden, too, more or less field work in harvest, and hay-making, and corn planting, hoeing, and husking. The men never milked, but some churned the butter before farm work in the morning, or after coming from it in the evening. Some also fed the poultry, carried the milk to the pigs after the cream was skimmed off by the women, attended the calves, and even carried in the firewood. This depends mostly on the hired man, whether he chose to do

it or not. The Size boys, of course, did it all. Michael, the oldest, had the reputation from his employer that in all these duties, "he was as true as clock-work."

Perhaps we would say this was all very good for the employer, if the hired man, after doing a faithful day's work on the farm, would work several hours every night in and around the house. Wages were then very low, but the farmers of this neighborhood were generally honorable, so that faithful workers were, as was then considered, well paid for rendering very good services and doing extra work. And the hired man and woman had a home; they were in the family very much like its own regular family. They had usually as good quarters as the sons and daughters of the family. They ate at the same table, worked together, and generally sat in the same room, except, perhaps, when there was special company; and when they had company, they also had the privilege of privacy. To persons as were the Sizes, whose own home was such as a drunken father would provide for, a home in the family of a Pennsylvania farmer was a grand thing.

After Michael Size had learned the carpenter's trade near at home, he went South to Jackson, Mississippi, where he obtained very much larger wages than ruled in his old neighborhood. This long trip by foot, canal boat, and river, was considered a great undertaking for a young man from this quiet, German-Pennsylvanian neighborhood. But few young men ever left their native home to seek their fortune among strangers with the comfort of the hearty good wishes of all his neighbors that followed Michael Size. He worked at his trade in Mississippi till he had saved together twenty-five hundred dollars, which at that time was a fortune for a young man to have. He then came up to Illinois, where he settled himself on a farm, and where, as far as the writer knows, he is still residing, an old man, well provided for, and evidently with a "conscience void of offense."

John Size, the younger brother, also sought his fortune in a strange land. During the gold fever of 1849 he went to California; and, having not since been heard from, it is supposed he was murdered, for at that time murders in the gold regions were not uncommon. The sisters all died young, of consumption; all unmarried. While they lived, they had every comfort that the most favored daughters of our well-to-do farmers enjoyed, and the hearty friendship and good will of all who knew them. All this because they loved to make themselves as useful as possible to every person, and they never interfered with the rights of others. Many lives of humble beginnings, like those above briefly sketched, have risen to great honor and wealth, while these all but one continued only for a short time, and none of them attained to anything that is generally regarded as belonging to this world's greatness. They were simply honest, industrious, respectable, and reliable; but the result was that they enjoyed the means of a comfortable living, and the good will of all the people that knew them. There are probably more persons like them than of great wealth, or of those who have filled important public offices, or who stand high in the literary world, or as explorers or inventors. But has the world any greater benefactors than these humble, faithful people who are scarcely known away from the little circle in which they move? They deserve to be much more generally known; for no work is more worthy of the highest praise than theirs. The stronger evidences of the world's general approbation of this kind of greatness would encourage many who feel that they are of little value in the world.

Happiness is the great prize for which nearly every person is contending. It is generally sought in wealth, honor, and pleasure, notwithstanding no one has ever found it in these. Some wealthy people are happy, because their wealth affords them opportunities of being useful to others, which they would not otherwise have. So is honor a great help for good to a person of helpful pur-

poses; so also knowledge, skill, and every other human attainment. But the end of pleasure-seeking is generally disappointment to him who indulges in it; and it often brings about his moral, physical, and mental ruin.

The humble persons above spoken of were not even engaged in any special effort to obtain happiness for themselves. With them was the pleasure of being useful—rather than the love of being so—and, pursuing its dictates, it brought them the highest gratification that the human heart can have, the

pleasure of knowing that they have not lived in vain, which only those can enjoy who do not labor merely to excel others, nor covet what others have. Great wealth and wide extended honors, though sought by so many, are found comparatively by a very few, and really enjoyed by scarcely any; but every person can cultivate a desire to be useful, and by practicing it with a will, he always finds himself at peace with his own conscience and his God, and at least with nearly every person else.—*Phrenological Journal*.

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### TYPE-WRITING.\*

When we consider what an important place the type-writer is taking in the business world of today, it is interesting to note the fact that more than one hundred and fifty years had elapsed after the first recorded invention of a writing machine, before one was sufficiently perfected to become of any commercial value.

The first patent for a writing machine was obtained by Henry Mill, an English Civil Engineer, in 1714. There is no record of any other being granted till 1841, about one hundred and twenty-seven years after that. Other inventions of a similar nature then followed in quick succession, but until the original of the Remington Type-writer appeared, none of these met with any success except one patented in 1849 by Monsiuer Pierre Foucault, a blind man, which was successfully used in several institutions for the blind in Europe.

The machine, now called the Remington Type-writer, which was invented by C. Latham Sholes, Samuel W. Soule, and Carlos Glidden, and patented by them in 1867, doubtless would have shared the fate of its predecessors but for the persevering efforts of the first of these inventors, who, inspired by the faith and assisted by the capital of Mr.

James Dinsmore, worked on the original design six years, before the type-writer was considered sufficiently perfected to place it in the market. During this time between twenty-five and thirty experimental machines were made by him and placed in the hands of stenographers and others for trial. Many of these when subjected to daily use were totally destroyed, but their failure assisted their inventor to find their weak points and finally to construct a machine which was considered sufficiently complete to be at last placed in the hands of the then large gun manufacturers, E. Remington & Sons, who employed the most skillful artisans and spared no pains to bring it to perfection. It is curious to note in passing, that the immense factories of that firm located in Ilion, New York, which turned out a few hundred type-writers, in 1874, the first year of their manufacture to any extent, and which at that time were almost entirely devoted to the manufacture of implements of war, are to-day given up exclusively to the construction of the writing machine that has brought peace and comfort to so many weary brains. The records of the Patent Office show specifications of two hundred and fifty other machines which have been patented. There is no labor saving device on which more inventive genius is at work, and there are probably few which have

\* From an article by Mary F. Seymour in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

greater possibilities. While we are indebted to three inventors for the original idea, the type-writer as we see it to-day is the work of many minds. Continued use suggested continual improvements. The experimental period of the writing machine, both of the original make and of those which have come after, doubtless will not be over for years to come. It is quite probable that many yet unborn, who shall celebrate the next Centennial, will be as much amused in looking at the writing machines of the present day as some of us have been while examining the early type-writers, with their awkward tin covers, gorgeous with floral decorations, which were manipulated with the aid of a crank.

While this invention has proven an inestimable blessing to the whole world it has marked an epoch in the history of woman's work. If it were allowable to make an idol of any inanimate thing, to nothing more appropriately could women erect a shrine than to this little clattering instrument, which has been the most effective means not only of educating men to a true appreciation of the value of woman's work but of opening *her* eyes to the true dignity of labor. Since little over a dozen years ago when the writer first saw and watched with absorbing interest the operations of this machine then being exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, a complete revolution has taken place in public sentiment in regard to women's work. At that time the world in general had no faith in their ability to do anything well, except to teach school and keep house; and many men would have considered it both dangerous and disgraceful for their daughters to be employed in a business office. To-day hardly a place of business of any size can be found in which the trim figure of some woman cannot be seen, and many if not most of them, are women of education and refinement. Indeed so common is this sight that it awakens no comment. Ten years ago every young lady entering the elevator of an office building was obliged to encounter a concentrated stare from all the occupants. To-day she passes in and

out with the busy crowd, and if she preserve a lady-like demeanor, is treated with the utmost respect.

To the sagacity of the early agents of the type-writer is due the discovery that in type-writing at least women can excel. Their efforts to induce refined women to learn to use a writing machine met with almost immediate success. The type-writer came, and women stood ready waiting for it. The flood gates were open and a great mass of unemployed, refined and educated women longing for something to do, yet not knowing what to undertake, poured in, and soon their white fingers were dashing over the keys at a rate that almost astonished the manufacturers themselves.

The early feats of Mrs. J. Saunders, the first woman who learned to use a writing machine are well known to those who are familiar with type-writer work. So wonderful were her achievements, even in those early days, that she was sent to Europe by the manufacturers to exhibit the first type-writers sent abroad.

Another woman to whose intelligence and quick perceptions, as well as mechanical skill, the type-writer owes much of its early success is Miss M. F. Fordham. Many successful business women owe to this lady a debt of gratitude for the genial and skillful manner in which she gave them their first lessons in type-writing.

While women owe much to the type-writer, no less has the type-writer a heavy debt to pay women. It may be said with truth that to their successful work more than to any other cause is due its early adoption. Not until there began to spring up throughout New York City, copying offices managed by women, did the real prosperity begin. There was a time in its early history when the work usually done on it was so poor the judges of the different courts made a rule that they would not accept type-writer copies. This was the flourishing condition in which women found the business when they undertook it. But fortunately these pioneers had determined to do their work well. Legal

papers, not only accurately copied but arranged in such a tasteful manner that they attracted universal attention, gradually began to make their appearance. Probably the first copying office in which this work was done successfully was one in the *Evening Post* building, of which Mrs. J. M. Reed was the proprietor and manager. The first law reporter who made a practice of using type-writing for the transcripts of testimony was a woman. Her work attracted so much attention that in a short time after the appearance of her first type-writer copy of testimony her offices were crowded with other stenographers who resorted there to dictate their notes directly to operators. One after another not only stenographers but lawyers and other professional men began to discover the great value of the type-writer in lightening clerical labors. Small copying offices gradually began to grow into large establishments, and as it soon became impossible to find well trained operators enough to supply the demand, it was found necessary to establish in some of these offices schools of training. These prosperous days for the pioneers lasted only a few years. Then business men began to consider the economy of buying machines and placing operators in their own offices. They did not ask the question then, whether or not a woman would work for less than a man. They had discovered by actual experience that these young women did their work well. They wanted their services and in order to get them, did not hesitate to offer larger salaries than they were receiving. The results were that the sale of type-writers increased very rapidly, that good operators enough to supply the demand could not be found, and that the average salary for type-writing operators became higher than had ever been paid before for women's work.

Although, estimating from the number of machines sold, there cannot be less than seventy-five thousand type-writer operators today, the demand for experts still continues to be greater than the supply. This is due to the fact that

most of those who enter the business are either not properly trained or do not spend sufficient time in preparation. The sale of type-writers increases every year, but thoroughly trained experts do not make their appearance in equal numbers. It seems curious that such a condition of things should exist when private schools for teaching type-writing are almost innumerable, and it has been introduced into many public schools and benevolent institutions. The trouble is that many of the teachers in these schools have no practical knowledge of the business. Type-writing is very much like printing. It can only be learned properly in the offices where actual work is done or under the tuition of those who have had practical experience. Some of these institutions referred to turn out good operators, but most of them make the mistake of giving a *little* instruction to many, instead of *perfecting* the education of a few.

Except in copying offices there is very little demand for operators who are not experts unless they are also stenographers. They must be able to take dictation on the type writer at the rate of at least forty-five or fifty words a minute. To write accurately at this speed requires constant practice for at least one year, and in some instances, when the hearing of the operator is not acute and her memory is not good, even a longer time is required. This practice should be preceded by six months' instruction in a good school, in which the teacher is an experienced operator, or better still in a school connected directly with an office in which actual business is done. This preliminary instruction should include not only lessons on the mechanism of the type-writer but exercises in business, legal, architectural and other technical forms and terms; in manuscript reading and in dictation. When this course is completed positions can sometimes be obtained in the offices of the stenographers or lawyers where the necessary practice can be obtained. The best place for this is a copying office because here will be found a greater

variety of work. Most of the experts who are now receiving large salaries have obtained their early training in this way. This is true of Miss Orr, the champion operator of the Remington type-writer, who, while in business for herself, was able to earn fifty dollars a week. Miss May Grant, another expert Remington writer, Miss Mary McManus and Mrs. Belle McCulloch, Caligraph operators, who have met with great success, and Miss Nellie Finch, an expert on the Hammond type-writer, have had a similar experience. The training received in these copying offices seems to have a tendency to sharpen the intellectual faculties. Here the lawyer comes to dictate his brief, the editor his editorials and the architect his specifications. In one of these busy systematic places of business are to be found the greatest opportunities for practical education ever offered to women. A bright young girl who may perhaps enter one at fifteen years of age, after three or four years' experience will often become not only mechanically skillful but a perfect encyclopædia of useful knowledge. I have in mind one who entered one of these offices when she was about fifteen years of age. Having spent five or six years in a copying office, she is now receiving a salary of one thousand dollars a year, and her employers feel that it is well earned. So skillful is she in the manipulation of the type-writer they prefer to dictate to her rather than to a stenographer. With a maximum speed of between eighty and ninety words a minute, she will work on steadily hour after hour at the rate of between fifty-five and sixty words a minute, punctuating correctly; and turning out page after page of almost perfectly accurate copy. Ask this young lady to spell the name of every Judge on the calendar, of every United States official or local official of the city and state in which she resides, of every town of any prominence in the United States, and most of the large cities of Europe, of many of the technical terms used in law, architecture and medicine, and she will hardly make a mistake. Most of the great names in

literature are run off at her finger tips with equal facility, and she will even give you the addresses of most of the leading business firms in the city without consulting a directory. This seems an extravagant statement, but consult the managers of type-writer offices, and probably you will not find one who cannot give an almost equally flattering description of at least one in her employ. Hundreds of overworked business men can point to some quiet, unassuming woman of this kind who may seem to the casual observer to occupy a very unimportant place in the business world but with whose services no money inducement could tempt them to part.

The majority of those who learn type-writing start with the expectation of earning high salaries at once. This is a great mistake; if they demand much they doubtless will receive nothing. Most people do not want beginners at any price. They will occasionally hire them for the sake of saving money but for no other reason. Art has in this practical age been so devoted to the demands of utility that inferior clerical work will no longer be tolerated. A business letter must be a work of art from the steel engraved head to the type-written words that appear on its pages. It is doubtful if a business house could keep up its standing with the trade, if it should mail to its correspondents some of the letters which many operators seeking positions offer for their inspection.

Those whose education has been neglected ought never to undertake to learn type-writing. They may possibly find employment in a commercial agency, or in some house where the work is very simple, at a salary of five dollars a week, and perhaps have it advanced to eight dollars after three or four years' practice, but most of the poorly educated young women who learn type-writing are unable to obtain employment.

Type-writing, if thoroughly learned, doubtless offers an almost inexhaustible field for woman's work. Day after day it is being adapted to some new use. Within a few years, the insurance com-

panies have adopted it for filling in policies. Over one hundred Remington type-writers are used by the Metropolitan Insurance Company of New York City for that purpose. In different departments in the Western Union Telegraph Company both Remingtons and Caligraphs are used in large numbers. The Associated Press employs in the neighborhood of one hundred type-writer operators who listen to the telegraph messages as they come from the wires and copy them on the machine faster than the operator at the other end can send them.

The new invention, the phonograph, which promises soon to occupy so important a place in the business world, will doubtless create a great demand for type-writer operators. The business man will be able to dictate his letters to the phonograph as rapidly as he can talk; but in doing so he will accomplish nothing more than to make an impression on the wax tablet which has responded to his voice. To preserve the record of his work, a type-writer operator will be required. Probably the force of type-writers will be more than doubled in every busy office in which a phonograph is introduced, since the increased rapidity of the dictation will create a demand for a larger amount of copying each day. The time is not far distant when the type-writer will in some form be adapted to the printing of weekly if not daily papers. Experiments in that direction are already being made.

This is certainly a very encouraging outlook for the would-be self-supporting young woman. But however large the demand may be, let her not suppose that she can be successful without the greatest and most persevering efforts, or that she can make a fortune at once.

There are many expert operators of

three or more years' experience who receive salaries of fifteen dollars a week, others earn twenty-five and thirty dollars, but the latter are in most instances persons of exceptionally bright intellect or of superior education. Type-writer operators who are not stenographers, receive the highest salaries in the offices of lawyers and stenographers, and in the copying business. Unless a knowledge of stenography is combined with that of type-writing they seldom receive in a commercial house over ten dollars a week. In copying offices the salaries for the first six months are from three to six dollars a week, according to ability, for the second year from eight to ten dollars, sometimes as high as twelve dollars a week, and after that from ten to fifteen dollars. Some operators of exceptional ability or of four or five years experience receive as high as eighteen dollars a week in copying offices, and in the offices of lawyers and stenographers. The salary at the start is higher in commercial houses, but the chances for advancement are less.

Type-writer operators who are also stenographers can obtain positions much more readily and at higher salaries in the beginning than those who are type-writer operators alone. After six months tuition in stenography and type-writing, and two hours or more daily practice in dictation in a good business school, bright, well educated girls will sometimes obtain positions worth from eight to twelve dollars per week. Those who receive twelve dollars at the start are usually exceptionally bright and well educated. Most young ladies, however, are so ignorant of business forms and customs that they are obliged to accept smaller salaries until they have gained experience. The advice we always give to beginners is to consider practice first and afterwards the salary.

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## SCENES ABOUT SYDNEY.

SITUATED on the eastern coast of Australia on a most beautiful bay known as Botany, is the city of Sydney. Toward

this point on the 14th of November, 1888, the good ship *Zelandia* was steaming at about thirteen knots an hour.

Early in the afternoon land had been sighted and when the distant speck on the horizon began to grow distinct and we could trace the outlines of the shore, the passengers began donning clothing that had been trunked or closeted since leaving San Francisco. The first land we near is known as Manly Beach and is a great pic-nic-ing resort.

As we sail along the coast we notice a rocky point rising abruptly from the water, forming what is known as the North Head. Against this point the waves are continually dashing themselves, throwing spray for some distance into the air, forming, together with the rocky point and wild surroundings, a picture well worthy the artist's brush. By this time the sun has almost disappeared, and before we have steamed the seven miles from the Heads to Sydney, the twilight has deepened into dusk, and the beautiful bay presents a picturesque appearance with its various watercraft floating hither and thither, the lights of the now illuminated city surrounding it.

As we sailed up the bay I noticed a little, round fort, situated on a small, stony island, the use of which I was at a loss to determine. I learned on inquiry that in the early days of the colony when England's prison would hold no more criminals, and they were sent as convicts to New South Wales, this little fort was the protection of the colony. It would offer only little defense now. Strange and revolting indeed are the stories told of crimes committed on that little spot of ground.

As the pilot did not come out, our vessel cast anchor in Neutral Bay, a bay within a bay, for the night. Many of the passengers went ashore in some of the numerous row boats that came alongside the ship, but we remained aboard. A good portion of the evening was spent leaning against the railing of the ship watching the various ferry boats, with their different colored lights flitting to and fro. It was the pic-nic season, and boat load after boat load of gaily dressed pleasure seekers passed us on their way home. After gazing until weary on this beautiful spectacle pre-

sented by the life and animation of the bay, with Sydney and her suburbs surrounding us, we retired. Of course no thoughts of home crossed my mind now that I had arrived at my destination and had two or three years before me of what kind of experience I knew not! My first impressions of Sydney were decidedly in her favor. As I awoke on the morrow a tug boat was drawing us to the wharf. We bid *Zelandia* an affectionate farewell, and were met by the Elders who greeted us with kindness. After a few preliminaries, we decided on a walk through a part of the city. The first disagreeable impression I received, having been raised in the well-laid-out city of Salt Lake, was the directions of the streets which made it impossible for me to keep square with the world. Five minutes' walk was sufficient to completely bewilder me. The crooked streets lead up and down hills; in fact, Sydney is built on nothing more nor less than immense stone hills. The houses are twenty or thirty feet above the sidewalks, and are mostly built on a line with the streets. They are reached by stone steps, cut from solid rock. Of course all parts are not like this. The store-keepers have a peculiar custom of putting all the goods possible on the outside, an abominable practice.

On the day in question we go to the Botanic Gardens, and to say these are beautiful does not half express their grandeur. Situated on the border of the bay with immense lawns, beautiful flowers, grand statuary, miniature lakes, and any number of other attractions, the place amply repays a day's wanderings. The beauty of the spot is unsurpassed. Sydney is well supplied with parks and gardens, which, with her many fine buildings and picturesque situations, are the best features of the city.

Without wearying you I will relate what occurred on the first Saturday evening spent here. What occurred that night is what is generally carried on each Saturday evening. Leaving Harbor View Terrace, which by the way greatly belies its name, we proceed to George Street, the principal street of Sydney. Here we



find great concourses of people passing up and down. The sidewalk, being too narrow to accommodate all the pedestrians that are out, a portion of the road itself is appropriated by the crowd. Among the people as we proceed, I notice representatives from almost every nationality many of whom wear their native costumes. From the private citizen a person's eye may wander to a Turk, with his red turban, from the turban to the red coat of the British soldier, from the red coat to the low-necked blouse and big-legged trowsers of the sail and mast fraternity, and so on down to the scantily-dressed black man of the island. We are on our way to Paddy's Market. The market consist of what I would call immense sheds. Here on Saturday evening people representing the different trades of commerce assemble, take their apportioned space, spread out their goods, and entice you to buy. Just opposite to these buildings is an open square, and here assemble different persons having every conceivable contrivance to draw money from the people. You have seen the outside furnishings of a circus where ice-cream, lemonade, etc., are sold. Now add to these the gallery, hobby-horse, aunt sallie, lung-tester, punch and judy, and other things more than you can think of, then surround these with a gaping crowd and deafening music, and you will have some idea of the motley scene. I was disgusted with the whole of it. Imagine a man paying money to see how hard he can hit with a sledge hammer, or for striking his fist against a leather pad to see the force of his blow! Here these things are carried on for hours. Quack doctors and preachers are sometimes heard in more retired spots.

George and Pitt Streets are the principal thoroughfares in Sydney, and are the prettiest in the place. They are comparatively level and run in the shape of a crescent. George Street is about three-fourths as wide as the streets of Salt Lake City, and Pitt Street about one-half as wide. The streets are all paved in good style, and the sidewalks are made of flag stones, cement, etc.

I never can forget the impressions I re-

ceived of the people, the first week I was in Sydney. In vain I looked from face to face for that kindly, honest expression to which I had been accustomed at home. Many of the ladies possessed elegant forms and handsome features, but the expressions on their faces spoiled all.

*George E. Woolley.*

THE LITTLE HIGH-CHAIR. — There was an auction at one of the downtown auction houses recently. A plain, sad-faced woman, in a plain, calico gown, stood in a crowd. The loud-voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the plain woman, and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it. One by one the articles were sold—the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, and a bedstead to a third.

Finally, the auctioneer hauled out a child's high-chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody excepting the pale-faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek. The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high-chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine.

It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high-chair were gone forever. He saw the pale-faced woman's piteous looks, and knew what it meant; knew that in her eye the little, rickety high-chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds. In imagination he could see the little, dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby, little fist grasping the tin rattle-box and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee—and now the little high-chair was empty.

He knew there was an aching void in the pale-faced woman's heart; there was in his own. Somehow the day may come and go, but you never get over it.

There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night.

"Don't laugh," said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents; "many of you have little, empty high-chairs at home with which money would not tempt you to part." Then he handed the clerk a bill out of his own pocket and remarked, "Sold to the lady right there," and as the pale-faced woman walked out with the little high-chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid ten cents.  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

There was an old practice, in the years ago, that a woman should never be married until she had herself spun a set of body, table, and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easily the term became applicable to all unmarried women, and finally became a law term and became fixed as spinster.

The first vessel of schooner rig is said to have been built in Gloucester about the year 1713. When she went off the stocks into the water a bystander cried out: "Oh, how she scoons!" The builder instantly replied: "A scooner let her be;" and from that time vessels thus rigged have gone by that name. The word *scoon* is popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the act of making stones skip along the surface of the water.

It is said by the author of the "Queen's English" that the people of Carnwood forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance call out not "hallo!" but "halloup!" This he imagines is a survival of the times when one cried to another: "A loup! a loup!" or, as we would now say: "Wolf! wolf!"

"Hurrah" is derived from the Slavonic *hura*, "to Paradise," which signifies that all soldiers who fell fighting valiantly went straight to heaven.

The aristocracy of Spain was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish

conquest. These people were whiter than those who had been mixed with Moorish blood; the veins upon their white hands were blue, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion, showed black upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of old race came to declare that their blood was "blue," while that of the common people was black. The phrase passed to France, where it had no such significance, and was, in fact, quite an arbitrary term, and so to England and America.

Gen. Jackson, when judge, endorsed "O. R." on many papers, meaning "order recorded." Major "Jack Downing" (Seba Smith) saw papers thus endorsed, but took the initials to be "O. K.," which he declared in fun was meant by Gen. Jackson for "Oll Korrekt." This took with the people, and is used still.

A scientist, while out in a boat one night on a river in Florida, was caught in a fog so dense that he could not see twenty feet ahead. The boatmen stopped rowing, and said they would have to wait for daylight, or until the fog cleared away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. The scientist showed them what science can do for a man in an emergency. He says:

"I at once stood up in the boat and halloed. Soon the echo came back. Pointing in the direction from which the echo came, I said, 'There is the nearest land.' Rowing half a mile in the direction of the echo, we soon reached the land and 'coasted' home. The boatmen expressed great surprise that they had been on the river all their lives, and had never thought of so simple and easy a plan to find the shore when lost in a fog. During a fog the air is so saturated with moisture that it is a much better conductor of sound than when dry. Two results follow—first, sound travels faster, and hence the echo returns more speedily; and, second, the sound is heard more distinctly. Remembering these two facts, a person with a little practice can soon determine the approximate distance of the nearest land or woods."

## A CHILD'S QUESTION.

In a mansion grand and stately, on a wide and handsome street,  
Lived a man of vast possessions, with his little daughter sweet.  
He had lots in many a city, he had houses by the score,  
He had broad and rolling acres, and a dwelling by the shore.  
And he oft would tell his daughter, as she sat with wondering eyes,  
Of their worth and of their beauty, till before her thoughts did rise  
Visions of their wondrous greatness, and of all their wondrous worth;  
Till the child-mind almost fancied that there was as yet on earth  
Not a state and not a country where her father did not own  
Lands and farms, and stately mansions, fruits of labor he had sown.  
But into this home of comfort came a sorrow as a cloud;  
Death will neither stay nor tarry at the mandate of the proud.  
Rich and poor, the high and lowly, each must answer to his call,  
Enters he the meanest hovel, as he does the stateliest hall;  
And this man of vast possessions in his costly chamber lay,  
Resting on a bed luxuriant, wasting by disease away.  
Skilled physicians waited on him, loving lips pressed cheek and brow,  
But the utmost skill and yearning could not change the verdict now.  
Then one day, the learn'd physician called aside the little child,  
Tenderly he stroked her tresses, spoke in accents low and mild:  
"Do you know, my little darling, that your father soon must go  
To a far-off, far-off country—little darling, do you know?"  
Opened then the eyes in wonder, with a sudden, strange surprise;  
Then with tears and fears and trembling, to her father's side she flies—  
Climbs upon the bed beside him, lays her head close to his cheek  
In a sudden, dreadful anguish that will scarcely let her speak.  
Then she thinks of all his mansions—of the lands so broad and fair,  
Of the homes that must await him, and their beauty rich and rare.  
Slowly now her head she raises, gone the sorrow and the fear;  
Once again she smiles, then, laughing, dashes from her eyes a tear,  
As she asks in accents tender: "Papa, tell me, I would know,  
Do you own a lovely mansion in the land where you must go?  
Doctor told me all about it—how that you must go away  
To a far-off, far-off country; have you there a mansion; say?  
For the going will be pleasant and you need not have a care,  
If it is to your own mansion, in that far-off land so fair."  
Then that stricken father faltered, for, although he'd built with care  
Many a fine and stately dwelling, he had yet no mansion there.  
What to him were now the acres with their wealth of golden grain?  
What to him were farms and houses? What to him were earthly gain?  
What to him, now he lay dying, were the many mansions here?  
He must leave them all forever—*And he had no mansion there!*     *May F. McKean.*

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## SHOULD WE EACH ANSWER WITH A SONG?

I have a sweet voiced mocking bird  
Whose notes are rich as ever heard;  
By cage's bars all unconfined  
He roams the house to suit his mind.  
I call, when he is from me long,  
And lol he answers with a song.

It matters not, though night or day,  
Nor though my tones be grave or gay,  
Not e'en though anger in them be—  
The same sweet notes come back to me.  
He knows to whom those tones belong,  
And always answers with a song.

Dear little Tot, whose notes of love  
Were caught, methinks, from realms above,  
True is the lesson thou hast taught  
In bringing to my mind the thought  
That earth had less of grief and wrong,  
Should we each answer with a song.

Yes, in this long and changing life,  
So full of care, so full of strife,  
So full of anxious, longing hearts  
By sharp words pierced, as if by darts,  
How many weak ones were made strong  
Should loved ones answer with a song.

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

## REGULARITY.

IT has often been asserted that punctuality is of great importance in the formation of a character. It is; and so essential that no man can ignore its practice without serious loss to his character. But there is another habit of no smaller importance. It is probably the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire. We refer to regularity. It takes rank with order, promptness, and punctuality. Habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A child may be punctual and orderly in school with a disposition to learn second to none, and yet it will not require great perception to comprehend that unless that same child is regular in attendance, all these other good qualities will avail him but little. He will fall behind his classmates, become confused, never enjoy himself, learn little, and have that little disjointed. So also with the irregular person in all stations of life. If you see a man rushed, confused, attempting several things at a time, you may know he is irregular; another, with no greater ability, but whose habits are regular, will do the same work, proceeding quietly from one duty to another. The difference is not in the capacity of the two but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other. An able writer says in regard to regularity that a person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is at hand. This done, and other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal accomplished, not by strained exertion, but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particu-

lar line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful, when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive.

Man's natural inclination is to defer and put off till the last possible moment that which should be done now. Nothing is more fatal to the prosperity of a cause than having the leading spirits of that cause, at the last and critical moment, planning and doing work that should have been done days or perhaps weeks ago, while men are waiting, watching and looking on with impatience. Regularity may be acquired by planning ahead, and then rigidly following that plan, at least as near as circumstances will permit, doing each division of duty at the accorded time. The advantage in this is not only the acquirement of regularity, but it teaches the value of a plan, an aim, an object, so that the designer, at any given period, in his life or his vocation, can balance his accounts and know exactly what he has done and what there is yet to be accomplished. The progress and the prosperity of the improvement associations depend much upon the ability and disposition of its officers to have a correct plan, and in their being regular, earnest, prayerful and diligent in its execution.

## A NAVAL SPECTACLE.

THE Emperor of Germany has lately been on a visit to England. It is described as a very pleasant visit, surpassing all expectations, in which the Emperor won the good will of every one with whom he came in contact including both the royal household and family. The naval review in the Emperor's honor was a magnificent spectacle—such a one as has never before been beheld, and it was such a fleet as no other two powers in the world could collect. The Emperor stood upon the paddle-box of his yacht and beheld ten miles of ships steam past him in accurate order on their way to begin manœuvring at sea. One of the sensations of

this review was the presence of the newest White Star liner, the *Teutonic*, as a royal naval reserve merchant cruiser. This vessel and its new twin ship, the mail steamer *Majestic*, are the largest and most luxurious merchant vessels afloat. The length of the ships is five hundred and eighty-two feet, breadth fifty-seven feet six inches, depth thirty-nine feet four inches, with a gross tonnage of nearly ten thousand. They are built of Siemens-Martin steel, and are propelled by two independent sets of triple expansion engines, driving twin propellers with manganese bronze blades.

The Emperor told his staff that they had no such ship as the *Teutonic*, and must get one, quick. England stands as yet the supreme mistress of the seas. In this connection, a correspondent of one of the New York papers says in regard to American naval matters :

"Our one poor little American ship, the *Enterprise*, was well received at Portsmouth by the authorities, and was examined curiously by seamen as an interesting relic of a past age. She is a wooden corvette, with a crew of some one hundred and twenty men all told, and just served to fly the American flag. When, however, the Queen heard that the American ship was present, she asked Captain McCalla to dine with her at Osborne, a much envied compliment, seldom offered, and clearly in this case as an expression of goodwill to the American Navy and people."

All of which simply proves that the American flag, emblem of liberty, is more respected than our army or navy.

Several scientists have lately expressed apprehensions in respect to drilling the earth and exhausting the natural gas. In a late issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Professor Joseph F. Jones assumes the earth to be a hollow sphere filled with a gaseous substance called by us natural gas, and he thinks that tapping these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting from the lighted gas coming in contact with that which is escaping. He compares the

earth to a balloon floated and kept distended by the gas in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to collapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies, and fall in pieces.

Another writer thinks that drilling should be prohibited by stringent laws. He, too, thinks there is a possibility of an explosion, though from another cause. Should such a disaster occur, "the country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of one thousand two hundred or one thousand five hundred feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever."

Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers, and he announces startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and one-half or so beneath the Ohio and Indiana gas fields the temperature of the earth is three thousand five hundred degrees.

The scientist says an immense cavity exists, and that here the gas is stored ; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rock floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flame will reach the gas, and a terrific explosion will ensue.

One of the novelties just now agitating the world is the supposed discovery of the "elixir of life" which has the virtue of making all mankind young and happy again, and indefinitely prolonging this condition. A doctor in high standing in France, Dr. Brown-Sequard, has lately communicated a paper to the Societe de Biologie, of Paris, in which he details the remarkable effects produced in his own person, and also in several other men of advanced years, "by the subcutaneous injection of substances derived from the testicular portions of the

bodies of certain animals." The experiment has been tried in the United States with varying results. Dr. Brown-Sequard has used the guinea-pig, or cavy, in preparing the substance used for the injections, while sheep and other animals have been used by the experimenters in this country. It is not likely that man will be able to find eternal life in any such way, but still there are scores of aged people flocking to the experimenters anxious to be made young once more. A golden harvest seems to be in view for the doctors notwithstanding quite a number have had narrow escapes from death by poison who have tried the new medicine. Many first class doctors have refused to try the experiment.

On August 8th the schooner *Fanny Lewis* arrived at Portland, Maine, with a rare treasure from the sea. While the schooner was off Monhegan something white was discovered floating on the water. It proved to be a mass of ambergris, weighing one hundred pounds. Ambergris, which is a morbid secretion formed in the intestines of the spermaceti whale, is used in the manufacture of fine perfumes and is a very valuable article retailing as it does for about thirty dollars per ounce. The specimen found by the sailors of the schooner is estimated to be worth about twenty-five thousand dollars which will be divided among the proprietors and the crew. Ambergris was formerly used in medicine, but its use is now mostly confined to the manufacture of perfumery, although in the far East it is used also in pharmacy and as a flavoring material in cooking.

The recent introduction of electric street cars in Salt Lake City brings to mind what a great expansion of the electric light and motor business there has been since the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, when the only exhibits of electrical apparatus were two dynamos, and some arc lights run by clockwork. A good authority estimates that there are now five hundred and ten million dollars invested as capital in the electric light

business; there are two hundred and thirty-seven thousand and seventeen arc lights and two million, seven hundred and four thousand, nine hundred and sixty-eight incandescent lights, and there are one hundred and nine electrical railways. Besides there is a project, before mentioned in these columns, for an electrical motor, for the carriage of parcels, which it is believed will travel at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles an hour.

For once the general public most interested are pleased with the appointment of a Commissioner of Education to succeed the present incumbent, Mr. Dawson. Wm. T. Harris has been appointed to that position. This new commissioner was a student at Yale up to the close of his junior year, and after he became famous that college made him a master of arts. He went to St. Louis in the early fifties as a public school teacher, and soon made his mark as a student and thinker. The Philosophical Society of that city was organized by him. It attracted the attention of Emerson, Alcott, and other leaders in thought, who visited the Western city in order to compare ideas with Mr. Harris and his associates in abstruse inquiry and contemplation. Another notable outcome of the society was the establishment of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, edited by Mr. Harris. Upon the death of Bronson Alcott, William T. Harris was appointed his successor as President of the Concord School of Philosophy.

Prof. Harris lately visited Paris by special invitation attending the educational convention held in connection with the exposition. His reputation has extended beyond his own country. He is the author of some articles relating to education, philosophy and literature which appear in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The National Educational Association in a resolution declared that in their opinion, "the efficiency of the public school is primarily tested by its results

in moral character, and hence its highest duty is effective moral training. The aim of the school is not the training of the mind alone, but the training of the man; the forming, enobling and enriching of manhood, is the highest and best product of the school. In the public school, the school for the people and for the whole people, moral character must ever stand before intellectual culture. As a means to this end, moral training must rise above the mechanical virtues. It must touch the conscience and make it regal in the life; and to this end it must be permeated and vitalized, as it always has been in the American school, by *religious sanctions and influence.*" Quoting the above resolution, the *New York School Journal* adds as comment: "This is sound. If there is any solid basis outside of the Christian religion on which to base morality, it has not come to our knowledge."

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Important discoveries of ancient ruins have been made in the State of Chiapas, in Mexico. A fine broad-paved road, built by pre-historic inhabitants has been traced from Tonalá down into Guatemala, and thence in a curve up again into Mexico. Near this road houses four and five stories high have been found in the depth of the forest. Some of them, which are shaped like pyramids are so old that trees are growing from the roots. In these houses two types of women have been represented on the walls, some plainly Egyptian and others genuine Africans.

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The late seizure of English sealing vessels in the Behring Sea by American revenue cutters has caused much comment in the countries interested. The *New York Herald* has expressed an opinion on the subject which explains the matter in short space:

"If Behring Sea is a closed sea it belongs to this country by right of purchase. We are the sole owner of the fisheries and have the exclusive right to regulate them. The waters are within our jurisdiction and it is our right to

control their navigation. If Behring Sea is an open sea it does not belong to the United States or any other one power. The Russian cession cannot give us such a title, for the simple reason that Russia never owned and hence never could transfer a good title to a part of the high seas. The high seas are the common property of the world. There can be no exclusive ownership in or control over them. All nations have a right to use them. All have a voice in their regulation and control. The pivotal question, then, is whether Behring Sea is an open or a closed sea. Geographically it is an open sea, and has always been so defined by geographers. It has always been so considered by writers on international law and by the leading maritime nations of the world. It was so regarded by England when she protested against the claim set up by Russia. It was so treated by the United States when we denied the Russian claim half a century ago. We made the same concession two years ago when the government at Washington invited the foreign powers interested to hold an international conference to agree upon some arrangement for the protection of the seal fisheries. Hence against the present claim of the State Department may be massed the authority of geographer, the principles of international law, the consensus of foreign nations and even our own diplomatic record. All these must be met and overcome by Mr. Blaine to defend successfully the seizure policy that has been inaugurated in Behring Sea. Failing in this he must abandon his claim and admit that the seal fisheries are a matter for international regulation or regulation by the United States with foreign consent and approval. The only other alternative is force."

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When you are an anvil, hold you still; when you are a hammer, strike your fill.

Constant devotion to one particular line of business often proves superior to genius and art.—*Cicero.*

## A GREAT EDUCATOR.

Now that the new education so called is gradually coming to be used in all the schools of the land, a few words from the life history of one of the greatest apostles and the founder of the Kindergarten will be read with interest. Many good writers have devoted much time to the advocacy of this natural system of teaching. Among these Anna W. Barnard is not the least. In the following sketch she quotes, in one of her works on this subject, from "Reminiscences of Froebel," by the Baroness Bulow. More than a hundred years ago, April 21st, 1782, at Oberweistach, a village in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, was born Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel. His mother dying in the first year of his life, and his father, who was a minister, being too busy caring for the souls of his parishoners to bestow much thought upon his son, the boy was left, in a great measure, to self-education, and began his life journey under a weight that pressed like an incubus upon him—a sense of unfulfilled longing, and of being misunderstood and misinterpreted by all. Deprived of love and of human companionship he made friends with birds and flowers, trees and stars. Until he was ten years of age, he received no regular instruction: at fifteen, he was apprenticed to a forester, and spent several happy years in the delightful company of trees, and in the study of nature's laws. Later, we read of him in various places, in Jena, in Gottingen and Berlin, trying to add to his knowledge of natural history, physics, mathematics, and languages but constantly obliged to change his plans on account of lack of means. At one time taking up the study of architecture, and relinquishing it when realizing that he could not by this means work toward the higher education of mankind as it was his desire to do—again engaged in teaching, and soon after going to Pestalozzi, and taking his pupils with him, where for three years, all worked and studied together. But while enthusiastic over the man, and

the results of his teaching, Froebel soon realized that by the methods of Pestalozzi, too much time was devoted to mere instruction, and too little to development.

In 1818, he married a highly accomplished and gifted woman, Henriette Wilhelmine Hoffmeister, who, full of enthusiasm for the great educational idea, gave up her large circle of friends, and the refined society of Berlin, to devote herself to the cause. She died in 1839. "If it had not been for her, the world would never have known Friedrich Froebel as the originator of the kindergarten," says Wichard Lang, one of Froebel's biographers.

To the bitter experiences of his youth, must be attributed Froebel's life-long devotion to the study of childhood and its needs. He saw clearly that the earliest stage of education is the most important, and that play as the first childish activity, must be systematically utilized for childish development. His unceasing search for means to interest and develop very young children, finally led him to devise the series of objects called "gifts." In 1835, the idea of the kindergarten first occurred to him, and he formed the purpose of founding an institution for the care of earliest childhood. About this time he wrote a paper entitled, "The year 1836 demands a renewal of life," in which he foretold a higher and nobler development of mankind, and prophesied that if his idea could not be understood and appreciated in Germany, it would find recognition in America. In 1837, he chose a beautiful situation in the little town of Blakenburg, and established there a "Nursery for Children," in reality the first kindergarten, though not called by this name until three years later. One day, he, and his two friends, Middenorff and Barop, were walking over the mountain to Blackenburg, Froebel repeatedly exclaiming, "If I could only find a name for my youngest child!" He looked down into the valley—"suddenly," says Barop, "he stood still \* \* \* and called out to the mountain and called



again to all the four winds: 'Eureka! Kindergarten the institution shall be named!' On the four hundredth anniversary of the institution of the art of printing, June 28, 1840, the "Kindergarten" was christened.

According to Wichard Lange, "Froebel believed that such an imperfect character as himself, had been selected as the bearer of the idea in order that it might be clearly seen that it is the idea and not the man, by which what is lasting and blessed for humanity is offered." Despairing of making himself understood by men, he appealed to women, who have charge of the earliest education of children, and in 1843 published his book for mothers. In 1849 he met the Baroness Bulow, who understood him from the first moment of meeting, and has ever since acted as his interpreter to the world, and at an advanced age, still devotes her best powers to the cause.

In 1851, Fröebel married Louise Levin, one of his pupils. In the same year kindergartens were prohibited by the Prussian government, and only by the vigorous and unceasing efforts of the Baroness Bulow, was the decree of prohibition rebuked by the new minister, in 1861, nine years after Froebel's death.

The prohibition was indeed Froebel's death-blow, but he struggled bravely on. In 1852, he was, for the first time, invited to the "Teachers' Convention" at Gotha, and "on his appearance \* \* \* the whole assembly rose as one man to do him honor. \* \* \* The president of the meeting gave him a hearty welcome, which was followed by cheers."

Froebel's life was one long series of disappointments and reverses. Taken into favor by the Duke of Meiningen, who suddenly deserted him, and broke his promises of devoting land and money to the cause, ridiculed by the learned, battling against poverty, doubt, misunderstanding and prosecution, yet never giving up his "great and holy" idea, which through the blackest night, shone ever like a star before his inner vision. His friends, Middenorff, Sangethal, Ba-

rop, and the Baroness Bulow, a faithful few, stood by him to the last. Of Middendorff, Froebel was wont to say, "He understands me with his heart!"

Middendorff tells us that "Froebel regarded the entrance upon his seventieth year as the most important period of human life, the time for the complete survey of one's own, as well as of human life in general." This time was drawing near, and the faithful friends desired to celebrate it in an appropriate manner.

Middendorff wrote songs and poems for the occasion, and with Madam Froebel and the scholars prepared for the festival. On the birthday morning, in the words of Middendorff, "Froebel was wakened at sunrise by the festal song of the scholars. He spoke to them with profound emotion, recognized the day and thanked them. Surprised, with eyes beaming with joy, he stood still, admiring the decoration of flowers, festoons and wreaths, and the many presents. \* \* \*

Again the song burst out from the semi-circle of scholars dressed in white holiday garments, which expressed the meaning of the ornamentation, and pointed to the blessing which would go forth to the world of childhood out of Froebel's work. Then Madame Froebel handed out her birthday gift, and the scholars followed with an orange tree bearing flowers and fruit, which Froebel had often pointed out to them as a symbol of the united ages of man, in leaves, buds, flowers and fruit, borne at the same time, representing childhood youth, manhood and old age." Then came the examination of gifts from scholars and friends in various parts of the world, accompanied with words of love and honor. Children from kindergartens brought little gifts made by their own hands, singing a song "whose child-like, expressive words, sung by the clear little voices deeply moved Froebel," afterward, they played the kindergarten games. The postman contributed his share, by bringing a load of letters. In the evening came the teachers from the neighborhood, with the pastor and his household; the scholars acted a dramatic farce, and then represented the

kindergarten games. A parting song was sung "inscribed to Friedrich Froebel, the founder of the German kindergartens, April 21st, 1852, offered with sincere gratitude by the kindergarten in Solzang," and one of the scholars crowned Froebel with a green wreath. "In a happy and exalted mood they then separated. \* \* \* So the day ended as it began, in beautiful unity, with thanksgiving, love and joy. \* \* \* Those who attended the festival will never lose the remembrance of it. For not only in form, but in reality, he has seen, felt and sympathized with all-sided, consistent life."

Froebel had a passionate love for flowers, asking for them even in his last moments, saying at one time, "Take care of my flowers, and spare my weeds. I have learned much from them," and again, "A star-shaped blossom dimly taught me the secrets of existence." Shortly before his death, he greeted with delight a favorite child who brought him flowers, and though very weak, drew the child's hands to his lips. Again, he said, "I love flowers, men, children, God! I love everything!"

His physician said, "I have seen many men die, but never one that looked into the face of death so calmly as Froebel. One day he asked me what I thought of his condition, and whether he could live a short time longer. I thought I ought to speak the real truth, and was able to do so to him. I advised him not to postpone his last directions, since the failing of powers left little hope of recovery. He took my words with the greatest calmness, and I did not notice the least change in his countenance. When I went to him on the following noon, they told me that he had added some last directions to his will that morning. At the door of his chamber, I heard a low singing like the chirping of birds which were singing out of doors, and when I entered, I found Froebel sitting up in bed, which was pushed up to the open window, looking with glorified joy on the landscape before him, and singing softly to himself. To my remark, 'You appear to be

better, Professor, and to be more cheerful,' he replied, 'Why should I not? I enjoy beautiful nature, even in my last moments.' I never found him, on my visits, impatient, complaining, or even discontented. He was a rare man."

Says Middendorff, "The highest peace, the most cheerful resignation, were expressed, not only in his words, but his face. His former anxious care to be active in his life-task resolved itself into trust in Providence, and his spirit looked forward joyfully in advance for the fulfillment of his life's idea." Two months after the birthday festival, June 21st, quietly and without a struggle, was the last breath yielded, and to the eyes of the loving watchers seemed to cease a life so devoid of selfish interests as to appear foolish in the estimation of the learned, "a life devoted wholly and completely to humanity, and to childhood in humanity." "What will now become of the cause?" were the first words of the Baroness to Middendorff on their next meeting. To which he answered, "We will work with all our powers. Truth is not lost."

Froebel believed in the continuity of life, and that what we call death is but a seeming interruption to the life that does not for a moment cease. Can those who know him forget his solemn words? "The present life and the other life lie in the same universe, in which there is no real separation, and in which everywhere there exists the closest, most unbroken connection. Think of my words: Separation is only for union there."

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‡ MIXING SCRIPTURE AND TRUTH.—A Sunday school teacher on a recent occasion told her pupils that when they put their pennies in the contribution box she wanted each one to repeat a bible verse suitable for the occasion. The first boy dropped in a cent, saying: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy dropped his cent into the box saying: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The third and youngest boy dropped his penny saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

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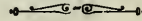
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EXPENDITURES IN THE UNITED STATES, 1888, -	3,554,396.00

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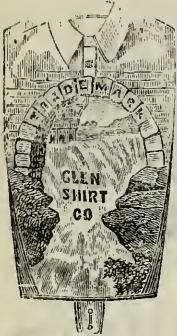
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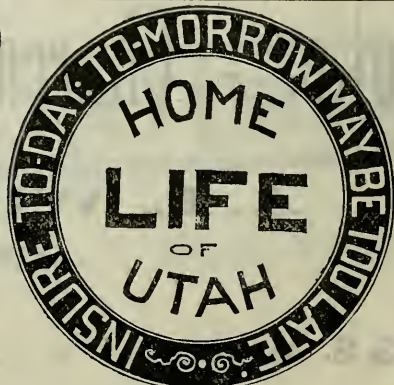
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